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THE American Scholar

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Spring · 1947

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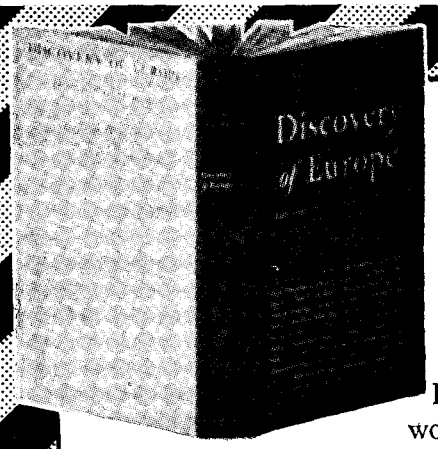

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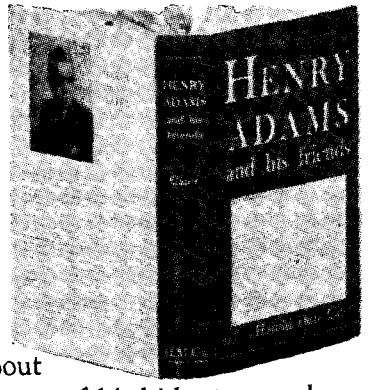

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A Quarterly for the Independent Thinker

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Spring • 1947 *Vol. 16 • No. 2*

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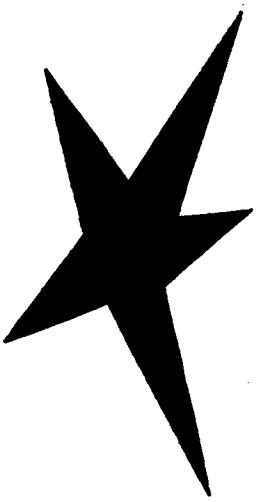

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The Editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *wish to express their deep sense of loss over the death of one of the magazine's founders and most devoted supporters.*

WILL DAVID HOWE

1873–1946

A Tragic Humanism

"THE TWO most important people in Europe today," someone has written, "are Nikolai Lenin and St. Thomas Aquinas." Which is a way of saying that among the phoenix-ruins of a continent the battle of Europe is a battle of *mystiques*. When André Malraux, in an already classic speech delivered at Paris under UNESCO auspices on November 4, 1946, sought to create an image that would cut across both the Communist and the Catholic — the image of tragic man conscious of his tragedy but seeking without illusions to rediscover his essential nature — he became the target of the bitterest attacks. In Europe the vested idea-interests have staked out their claims as the prescriptive interpreters of man's nature and destiny. In America we have scarcely shown ourselves aware that the problem exists.

Largely it is because, as a civilization, America is still on the ascending arc of success and power. Except when we are actually

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at war, we have little sense of the need for any fighting faith. We are today, by all the exterior standards, a supercolossal power: our impact on the world has reached Hollywood proportions. However much we may pretend to have abandoned the idea of inevitable progress, taken from the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century European thinkers, we act on the assumption that it is true. We do not feel the need for taking thought, because the successive increments of cubits added to our stature will, we are confident, go on without our taking thought. Our political leaders and spokesmen are two-dimensional figures as incapable of tragic greatness as they are shorn of depth.

There is a good deal of talk, mainly surface talk, of the need for new gods and new religions in this era of the breakdown of man's moral sense. But the fact is that the religion-creating fertility is not one given to our time. The last two great efforts were those of Nietzsche and Tolstoy, and each in its diverse way was a failure, although each in the process left an exciting record of the attempt. To talk of fashioning new religions today (something more than a new *mystique* in which man dedicates himself to a political cult) is dangerous because it obscures the real creative need.

That need is for an understanding of man himself, as an individual within his collective civilization. I am speaking of an understanding illusionless enough to measure our limits within a universe greater than ourselves, and also our potentials for carving out a creative life within that frame. I am speaking of an understanding frank enough to recognize that man is part of a naturalistic order, an animal with bestial impulses that can be multiplied by the multiple cunning of his brain; but also courageous enough to assert that man is part of a moral order outside of which he loses his meaning, and that he carries an individual responsibility for translating that moral order into collective action.

I call this a tragic humanism. I call it a humanism because it is centered on the natural and the moral order instead of on the supernatural and the ritualistic. I call it tragic because it must strip itself of the barren belief that men are wholly rational, and

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the smug assumption that progress and happiness can come out of systems of power as such, whether capitalism, socialism or communism.

We must face again in our way the tragic fact that the Greeks faced in theirs. The agonized cry of Oedipus when he discovers in what a web he has been caught is not the end of the human enactment, but the beginning. Ahead of us lie the possibilities of an order in which men have made the honor of the group an enlargement of the integrity of the individual, have wrested from the imperatives of power enough room for freedom of mind and play of personality, and have linked the lonely processes of thought and art with the collective goals of all men who share the human condition.

This is not a religion, or even a *mystique*. It is an idea to which the American creative thinker can dedicate himself with passion and wholeness. And an idea with passion and wholeness behind it can move the world.

Max Lerner

The Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR takes great pleasure in announcing the election to its membership of *Van Wyck Brooks*, *Jerome N. Frank* and *George F. Whicher*.

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Ritual and Reality

Leo Stein

SOME years ago there was published a book that caused a deal of discussion. It was in French and called *Le Trahison des Clercs* — that is, *Betrayal by the Intellectuals*. It is long since I read the book, and the particular contents do not concern me. My concern is with the question raised — in what respect do the intellectuals fail?

First, one must define the intellectual. In general one may say he is a man of superior intelligence debauched by a false education. So one must define a right education. A right education is one that progressively enlightens *and* integrates. Enlightenment is not difficult to understand. It means becoming operatively acquainted with facts, their relations, their meanings, and their values. Integration is not so easy to understand, because that is generally lacking and so is not a familiar notion. It means that this enlightenment is not compartmented — that one's religion, one's philosophy, one's science, one's art and one's way of living go together; that when facts, their relations, their meanings and their values are incompatible, one does not believe them all, effecting this result by preventing them from mixing, but that one either holds them to be in part false, or keeps them in abeyance while looking for further coordination.

It is commonly supposed that religion and philosophy in especial serve to secure coordination. I believe this to be radically untrue. There are many religions and many philosophies which are entirely incompatible with each other, and which are held in

◎ LEO STEIN, like his famous sister, has spent most of his life in Europe. His first book in more than twenty years, *Appreciation: Painting, Poetry and Prose*, is scheduled to appear later this spring.

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belief by men of equal moral and intellectual standing. This is a commonplace. What is the state of mind of a critical person—and of course, one who is not simply credulous must be critical—who ignores this fact? He is certainly not integrated, since he evades the assimilation of something that is sure and incontrovertible. Of course, one may hold, as Moses Mendelssohn did, that all religions are merely symbolic expressions of common ineffable truths; but in that case why does one so commonly accept one formula in which one is more or less rigidly encased, and so become estranged from others who, according to this, believe the same vital truths? In such a case, the definite religions with their dogmas and rituals are certainly a pest and a strait jacket, and an enemy to integration.

No one pretends that all philosophies are no more than symbolic expressions of ineffable truths. Their reason for being is that they are logically adequate and genuinely explicatory. If one philosopher is convinced of the truth of an explanation which another, equally competent, rejects, the right question to ask, so it seems to me, is not what is the matter with the philosophy but what is the matter with the philosopher. Is he an integrated person, or is it that he will have a ritual of thought at any price? The question about philosophies has been asked *ad nauseam*. It is time to ask seriously the question about the philosopher.

The treason of the intellectual lies in this: that he is grotesquely credulous, while pretending to be discriminatory and critical. He takes himself for granted, an extravagant assumption. He has never taken this central question of integration seriously, and inquired into his own state. He is, in the current slang, a wishful thinker who has certain preferences in beliefs, and simply discounts those who are otherwise inclined.

Of course, being ostensibly open-minded, he goes through the forms of considering the views of others and finding out what is the matter with *them* — but this is a mere form. It is a familiar fact that no mature philosopher ever changes his views as the result of all the critical study he devotes to the work of others. I know only one exception to this law. Russell, a professor at Williams College, was converted to pragmatism when he could

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not meet the challenge of William James to give some other meaning to the notion of truth than that given by the pragmatists.

But this is not really an exception, as pragmatism is not really a philosophy. Intellectuals are, like other men, moral cowards, and are afraid to let go the supports to which they are used to cling. They go far enough away from them to peek at other things, but when there is a threat to them, a danger of having to stand alone without the protection of their opinions, they scurry back. So at this moment markedly, when there is a greater felt threat than at any time in many generations, a condition unequalled perhaps, since the fall of the Roman Empire.

In philosophy, as in religion, the situation is to an unprejudiced observer, grotesque, even comic. When I was in college it was taken for granted that the valid philosophical line ran through Kant. James was admittedly a great psychologist, and otherwise amusing, but Royce was the *real* philosopher. The prevailing view at Harvard was well expressed by the student who said in class, "But Professor James, to be serious for a moment . . ."

The Berkeley-Hume-Kantian paradoxes which, at best, are brilliant *jeux d'esprit*, were taken with preternatural solemnity by people who wanted to go through somehow, though there was no certain thoroughfare. James heretically declared the right way of philosophy to be around Kant, not through him; Santayana treats him despitefully; Whitehead barely mentions him. It seems to me more probable that the right way is around the whole subject.

James said, and this is unquestionable fact, that philosophies are not disproved but outmoded, which tells the true story and confutes the notion of their intellectual seriousness. They are attempts to allay the disturbance that the heterogeneity of things impinging on us causes; but, as with sedatives, the effects are not enduring, and after a while we want some other drug. Just now there is an unusual demand for an old comforter, the neatly articulated platitudes of the Aristotelian-Thomist tradition. There are philosophies as there are drugs — for all temperaments, all diatheses, all seasons.

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A mind divided between the desire for belief and the desire for proof is in a bad way. It ranges in type from one who tries to explain away the flagrant infidelities of his wife, one like Lord Augustus in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, easily convinced, to the hero of Cervantes' story, who, wanting absolute proof of his wife's inviolable chastity, drives her into infidelity. Something of this division is common. James has much to say of it in the preliminaries of his *Pragmatism*. One wants to explain nature in such a way that desire and proof accord, and in order to escape from obvious credulity or scepticism, one makes a mixture that seems palatable.

That very sceptical philosopher Francis Bradley, ironical, acutely critical, who stepped on vermin with a heel of iron, said that philosophy should satisfy all sides of our nature, and that he would not finally accept the result unless it did. Why it should do so, he cannot say; he wants it that way, and that is all. Margaret Fuller said simply, "I accept the Universe," and Thomas Carlyle, with his raucous prophetical voice, said, "Gad, she'd better." From this one would hardly guess that the contorted, irascible, vociferous prophet of "Silence" never did accept it.

I agree with Margaret Fuller, but I find it necessary to pose conditions, not on nature but on myself. Man is either a part of nature, an animal with consciousness, or he is outside nature. If he is a part of nature, then it is natural that nature should satisfy essential demands. If he is outside nature, then this is not at all evident. The testimony of the intellectual over thousands of years from the Solons, the Jobs, the Siddarthas, to the Lawrences, the Eliots and the Huxleys, is that man is not satisfied. Whatever he may speculatively think, he feels that the universe should somehow be adapted to him. But, if man is really to be at one with nature, then man must, like other creatures in nature, be ready to eat or be eaten as the case may be. All animals do their best to eat and avoid being eaten, and man has superior means at his command to control events. But to interpret things so that his *right* to eat is greater than his *liability* to be eaten, is to take him out of nature.

The philosopher expresses his will to believe, disguised under

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a mask of logic, but the religious person tries rather to expand his will to believe, like the frog in the fable. "Help thou my unbelief." What he can't believe by himself, he believes with the aid of those who have a bigger swallow.

"I can't believe that!" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Sometimes the method of Mark Twain works best: "I couldn't lie, so I told Harris to do it." Philosophers and religious leaders do all they can to keep the world the troubled confusion that it is by solving the essential problems with fictions instead of facing the facts.

What are these facts? The first is that man is the only animal, so far as we know, that habitually lies. Other animals have their ruses, their stratagems to gain their ends, but man is the only animal, probably, that lies for the repose and comfort of his soul. Lying and integration have as much affinity as chalk and cheese. The honest philosopher who is not satisfied till nature has consented to his essential demands, should first try to learn how far these demands are valid, and how far they result from the fictions with which he has nursed his mighty youth. It may be that he is so little accustomed to truth that he cannot distinguish it from fiction. He may feel honest, just as he may feel that he has proved a case which another with equally strong feelings and equal capacity finds absurd. But feelings of honesty do not answer serious questions.

The real question can be posed in these terms: man is the conscious animal; there is no intellect or specific human feeling without consciousness. Is the intellectual fully conscious, or isn't he? Emerson said, "There is a crack in everything God made." The crack in the intellectual is his imperfect consciousness. Can he look himself squarely in the face, and can he look at himself all around as he would look at another who supposedly included himself? That is, as if he, at one and the same time, knew what he knows of himself, both clearly and as in a glass darkly, and see it as an object in the round, impartially, as another might see it? Until he has done this, his honesty has never been put to the

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ultimate test. He has not proved his readiness to give up all that is untrue. He may be a sufficient juror for an ordinary trial, but these trials of philosophy and religion, which purport to go beyond the ordinary, require all or nothing. We are not satisfied, even in such an "inferior" discipline as physical science, if the seeker does not come into the open with everything that is relevant. The first demand to be made in religion and philosophy is that the man have nothing up his sleeve. So far as we know he always has.

Animals have developed all sorts of societies, all sorts of symbioses, complex relations of many kinds, without developing man's peculiar type of mendacity. Man appears to believe that without lying there can be neither philosophy, religion, communities, commerce or society. Here comes the second fact. Instead of truth, he has rituals, sacred and profane; and with these, as we all know, he makes an awful mess of things. Some fatuous people believe that at some remote time, in Greece or in the Middle Ages — times of which we know little, and nothing, of course, at first hand — he made less of a mess with these. That gets us nowhere. There is a call here and now to look for something other than a reconstruction of what perhaps never existed — to look toward a reformation of what is, to make an advance, and not to make a turn backward.

If man lived on the animal level, though with more knowledge of outward things than the animals have, he would probably get along as they do with their ups and downs. And in truth, men do so live on their merely practical side. But it is the business of the intellectual not to be satisfied with this, but instead to be concerned for validity and truth. Cleansing the inside of the cup has got to have another meaning from what it had in the good old days, when to mean well was evidence. The ritual-ridden world is to my eyes very much like the king in the fable who wore the magic garments admired by all till the child said, "But he hasn't anything on!" In fact, this world is garmented in fictions.

A brave new world can date only from Freud. He did not get very far, but he threw more light on mendacity than even the Jesuit casuists, and mendacity is the central difficulty. Mendacity

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and secrecy go together, and mendacity cannot be cured until secrecy is abandoned. In no way can it be cured out of hand; it will take generations and more generations, but the price must be paid. Essential change and improvement in the future will depend on this.

This article is not a *Trahison d'un Clerc*, it is not the product of speculation or fantasy. The results I have come to were come to the hard way. Starting with the treatment of a severe neurosis, I have continued unceasingly through the years, a full quarter of a century, to find out how thoroughly honest one could be with oneself. I developed a special technique for this, far more drastic than the technique of psychoanalysis, and too difficult in application to be practicable. It has not obliged me to believe things that are probably not true, to wrestle with absurd problems of evil, to reconcile a god of love with the Nazi regime, or to explain why Brahma created a world of illusion and how he is related to it; and yet it works out as a continuous conversion. From month to month, from week to week, sometimes from day to day I am reborn, and for this I need no revelation. The process goes on without halt even now — when according to the calendar I am an old man, soon to be seventy-five; and as long as I live and retain my faculties, it will keep going on. It will keep going farther from ritual toward reality, from the confusions of "sin," "guilt," "shame," "anxiety," and the complexes of inferiority and superiority, toward untangled relations with events — and for all this I need no revelation. My obligation is to nothing except intellectual honesty, but that is absolute. In this article I for the first time speak out on the subject. It was written, one might say, with blood and iron, though literally the iron was all in my typewriter and haemoglobin.

With the progress of this work, I lose more and more my feeling of possessiveness. When I was younger I had it very strongly. Now to possess anything that does not serve a real interest seems to me absurd. But this applies as much to intellectual and spiritual possessions as it does to material ones. An explanation that does not explain, a belief not validated by its context, a work of art whose interest is nominal, gives me as much satisfaction as a

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pair of shoes I can't wear, though all may have merits of workmanship. Simplification is progressive when integration is insistent, and I shall not believe the fifty-seven varieties of religion and philosophy to have other than anthropological interest until they have been tried in the fire of an integrative process. Follows the credo that has grown out of this work.

I believe in the life of everyday, which is, in a more complex way, the life we share with the other animals. I believe in knowledge and appreciation — the first, especially the realm of science; the other, of art. I believe in logic, which is, implicitly, the core of functional activity. I do not believe in philosophy, which I consider an invalid and messy mixture of art and logic. It is poetry distorted. I believe in religion as the consciousness of life, of living. Christianity and Buddhism have reversed this. They negate life and substitute for it fantasms which have their valid place in the symbols of the poets.

I believe, furthermore, that it is not true, as usually assumed, that the man we know is the normal man. He is not. He is a hybrid between the conscious and the unconscious, and the product of this hybrid state is the repression which produces the secondary and pathological unconscious. The unconscious impulses should work out as the full consciousness of experience and make man sane. As he now is, he is a nuisance and should disappear. He may, like the great saurians, come to an end, but, unlike them, be himself a main agent of his own destruction; or he may grow out of his barbarous half-consciousness and become the normal, or conscious, man — not through evolution, but by a slow process of education carried through many generations. So he may become viable, but he may meanwhile devastate irremediably the earth.

I believe finally, that the influence of mendacity, including wishful thinking, makes any serious progress in human affairs impossible. Science provides information and creates instruments, but until for applying these we have honest conscious men instead of those who think that a ritual in affairs, in thought, in culture and in worship, can take the place of wide-awake honesty, we must stay where we are. We may spin like a whipped top, faster and faster, but going faster will be the only change.

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Ten Levels of Language

Albert Guérard

I AM a "man of letters": language is my tool and words are my raw material. I love and curse them. Perhaps the fact that I had to change my set of words in adult life made me more conscious of their power and of their perversity. I am bilingual to the extent of dreaming and cursing in two languages. And this has forced upon me the problem: to what extent is my thought conditioned by my chosen instrument? Is there a change in my personality when I shift from French to English? Or am I the same average person, wearing medium-weight, medium-priced, neutral-colored suits, some signed Hart Schaffner and Marx, and others Belle Jardinière?

This personal problem, in its turn, raises a much more complex one. Is language an unconscious collective growth, with a life of its own beyond individual control? Or is it a tool, which we are using consciously, and which we are free to sharpen or alter, and even to discard for a better one? At one extreme, our ideal would be the spontaneous, untutored language of the folk, racy of the soil, the unconscious symbol of the *ethos*. At the other, it would be the dream of Bertrand Russell and of all the logicians: a scientific instrument, spare, aseptic, rigorously objective, so accurate that it would automatically expose ambiguities and reject fallacies.

The conflict is an ancient one. It was focused in the eighteenth century. The *philosophes*, Condillac and Volney among them, defined science as a "well-made language," and conversely wanted to turn language into an infallible thinking machine.

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Rivarol claimed — rashly — that the ideal of absolute probity had already been achieved in French, which thereby had deserved to become universal. The French Revolution made "general grammar," inseparable from logical analysis, a basic study in its Central Schools. But Obscurantism (the term here is a definition, and implies no blame) had declared war on the Enlightenment even before the Enlightenment had received its name. Vico, Hamann, Herder, extolled the Dark Forces, and Burke the wisdom of prejudice. In many fields, and particularly in the linguistic, historical romanticism won the day. Oddly enough, it finally appeared in un-romantic professorial garb. Generations of Dryasdusts, throughout the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth, fought hard for the primitive, the folklike, the unconscious. The latest notable avatar of Obscurantism, the apostle of the mystic *Volkseele*, was Adolf Hitler.

I never was an eclecticist; but I never believed that in the complexity — and perhaps the chaos — of our pluriverse any human institution, any human being, ever conformed to a single and rigid formula. It stands to reason (to *my* reason, at any rate) that there are in language elements of the unconscious and of the enlightened, of logic and of chance, of imitation, automatic or deliberate, and of creation, spontaneous or willful. There are many levels in language, and each plane is subject to its own law. The sum total may be a monstrosity. But it exists, and it works, after a fashion. So does our Democratic party, with its range from Wallace to Bilbo.

I. At the lowest level, below consciousness, we find language as sheer reflex: the cry, the call, the groan, the sigh. This links mankind with the higher animals. It survives in articulate speech as the interjection, as the mimetic onomatopoeia. Habit may cause the willful and the sophisticate to sink into the unconscious. An Elizabethan scholar, hitting his fingers with a hammer, might very well substitute: "God's wound!" for the conventional "Ouch!" or for the yelp of the wounded dog.

II. On a second level, we find subconscious speech: unformed sentences, deformed words, chance perceptions,

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whether distinct or mingling, evanescent thoughts, inchoate feelings — rushing helter-skelter like debris in a flood. This occurs whenever the artificial dictatorship of the conscious Ego is relaxed: in dreams, in drowsiness, in certain forms of lunacy and also (I am told) at certain stages of intoxication. There you have, not the deepest self, but the substratum, the chaotic stuff upon which the self imposes its pattern. However confused, it is expression, and therefore it is language.

This level of language is attempting to force its way into literature: the use of its method is closely akin to psychoanalysis, and its masterpiece is *Ulysses*. It may be noted that even in Joyce's most elaborate efforts, the many streams, separate or blending, are suggested rather than actually reproduced. Language, especially in printed form, is but a thin single line of expression. It cannot do justice to the welter of our innermost. A musical notation, on a symphonic scale, would be needed.

It is a fact also that, by definition, you cannot catch your subconscious alive. As soon as you bring it to light and clothe it in definite words, it loses its mystery. Joyce cannot give us even glimpses, but only hints, of the sunken world. Not that such hints are not valuable as well as fascinating. The Joyce method makes us realize that there are viscous depths beneath our sunlit universe. There is existence beyond language. James Feibleman has pointed out that in his *Adventures of Ideas*, A. N. Whitehead "keeps insisting that the final cosmologies are only partly expressed, can only be partly expressed, in language." There is more to this world than can be covered by lucid, coherent discourse. At opposite poles, the Obscurantists and the Illuminati teach us the same lesson.

III. The third step is the *barely conscious*. It is the colloquial level, that of everyday careless speech. Monsieur Jourdain had been using prose all his life without being

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aware of it: I surmise that many illiterates speak without any sense of constraint. They call a cat a cat simply because it is the cat's name. They know that language is not inborn, for children have to acquire it. But it is as natural as clothes are for the vast majority of mankind.

Many scholars consider this as the normal level. Whatever lies below is only pre-language; whatever goes beyond is artificial, and therefore secondary. To correct popular speech according to formal canons is sheer pedantry: language must be accepted as a datum.

Malherbe, who as a rule was a tyrannical purist, could occasionally brush aside his painful learning: the masters of French, he averred, are the common laborers at the Hay Wharf. The French Academy made "usage" the only norm — but "usage" in polite society. Our democracy was bound to reject this snobbish criterion. A. G. Kennedy, in his excellent *Current English*, admits that whatever is said can be said. If America splits the infinitive, the infinitive is split, and no rule will mend it. I have fought (not very hard) against *middle-of-the-road*, *to center round*, *to contact*, and *to transpire* in the sense of *to happen*. What is the use? Superciliousness is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this "natural" level of language does not exist naturally. If go-as-you-please were the only rule, our speech would change as fast as our slang — and O. Henry already needs a glossary. In my family, the set of baby terms, evolved through a compromise between the infant and its slave, was totally different with each child. It is said that missionaries, returning to primitive tribes after a lapse of years, have had to learn the language anew.

IV. Popular speech is arrested in its evolution by standard speech. This is the fourth level: good plain vernacular, without pretension, but consciously resisting disruption and change. When a country has a settled government, especially courts of justice; when it has central markets,

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a tradition, a literature (even though it be oral) — it no longer lives in a state of nature, and its language no longer is natural. It becomes standardized. Historical oddities remain imbedded in it, to the delight and despair of grammarians, but on the whole it submits to a code.

Under such conditions, verbs are no longer "strong" enough to go it alone. They conform to established patterns or conjugations. It is as hard, in French or in English, to coin a new irregular verb as it is for an orderly citizen to be an absolute individualist. Affixes become reliable tools; derivatives form well-behaved families. A grammar is not a haphazard collection of precedents: it is a set of rules, and departures from the rules, while tolerated, are severely branded as *exceptions*.

A language like French or English is therefore composed of four elements: a substratum transmitted on the barely conscious plane; a limited number of non-logical forms, accepted as precedents, fixed and definitely taught, but only as *exceptions;* a code of laws based, if not on logic, at any rate on analogy; and finally a small leeway of free individual creation. It takes a good many years to teach a child correct "natural" English.

v. The plain vernacular may be an excellent literary medium. However, we do not merely acknowledge the ornate: we welcome it. Our speech is not all: Yea, yea; nay, nay. Shakespeare could speak with the tongues of yokels; he could be satisfied with such simplicities as "To be or not to be," or "The rest is silence." But he is Shakespeare still when he says: "No, this my hand will rather — The multitudinous sea incarnadine." As soon as style is present, however unobtrusive, a new level is reached — the fifth, as different from the literate standard as that standard is from the untutored popular one. There is no writer worthy of the name who does not have style, even though, like Stendhal, Mérimée and

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Gide at certain moments in their career, he may attempt to strip himself of all vain ornaments. The most austere among them wears his nudity with a difference.

In this zone of the elaborate, the lofty, the poetic, there are many degrees. First of all, there is the style which possesses such definite characteristics that it can be learned and practiced like an idiom. Latin, a living language until the sixteenth century, was killed then by its offspring, the Ciceronian and the Vergilian; for a language that is *set* is dead. Milton forged an instrument of his own; it would be easier to translate Miltonic into Latin than into the "natural" speech of Ring Lardner. Johnson reveled in the sesquipedalian: his definition of "network" ("Anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections") is a priceless example of semi-conscious humor. Carlyle, who started with plain English, evolved Carlylese, which, thank the Lord, died with its creator. During the war, "Turn off the light" was translated into official Johnsonese: "Illumination is required to be extinguished."

If eloquence, poetry and bureaucracy have languages of their own, so has the law, and so has religion. "Whoso believeth on Him" has a more spiritual ring than "All who believe in Him." In *Roughing It*, Mark Twain has the miner and the minister addressing each other from two levels of speech; it takes them a long time to transact a very simple business.

The literary idiom may become a different language, not through tricks of vocabulary and syntax, but through a subdued accompaniment of allusions. There we have a language within a language. To the plain reader, the words and the meaning are plain. To the initiated, it is the overtones that tell the story. I need hardly mention, as a form of language, the deliberate affectations which may be as complex and as rigid as a code: Marinism, Gongorism, Euphuism, Preciosity —

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diseases or refinements which did not disappear even under the rough therapy of Boileau and Molière in the seventeenth century. I can hardly pick up a book of modern poetry without realizing that the author and I do not use the same tongue. At times, I find the new idiom easy to learn, and at times well worth learning. But I can pick my way through a page of Portuguese or Rumanian, which I have never studied, better than through certain contemporary lyrics.

VI. We have thus reached a high degree of awareness and artificiality, far removed from the instinctive cry of fear or joy. The next step is easy enough. For the conscious artist, who deliberately spurns the triteness of common speech, there is nothing strange about the adoption of a medium *totally different from the vernacular*. Dante and Milton, when they wrote in Latin, were only a little farther removed from the common man than when they wrote in Italian or English. More books have been written in Latin since its alleged death than in the centuries of its triumphant life. Some, like *The Imitation of Christ* and *The Praise of Folly*, are counted among world masterpieces. It may be a shock to find Jean Jaurès as the author of a book in Latin (his minor Doctor's thesis). Many have chosen to write in French — from Brunetto Latini and Marco Polo to Gabriele d'Annunzio and Oscar Wilde — and many in English, like Rabindranath Tagore and Jawaharlal Nehru, like Joseph Conrad and Lin Yutang.

In this way the author completely escapes from the barely conscious use of his mother tongue. He knows, by definite experience, that language is an instrument which can be adopted by an act of will. Theorists will tell us that it cannot be done; that any cockney's English is better than Conrad's, because it is "natural" and Conrad's is "synthetic." But theories are a rather dismal form of humor.

VII. Now we are frankly in the domain of the "artificial"

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— that is to say, of consciousness, order, planning. We have seen that all grammar is meant to bring out the inner logic of a language; to extend to its uttermost limits the area of normalization (*standard* English); to reduce the "pockets" of illogical survivals, which remain like erratic blocks or quaint feudal customs or folk superstitions (*exceptions*). If you carry this normative tendency a little farther, you will want, not merely to minimize, but to eliminate the "abuses" or absurdities which are still imbedded in natural speech, and which serve no valid purpose: no verb is less expressive for being regular. Descartes, Leibniz, and, nearly three centuries later, Peano, wanted to streamline Latin, just as Ogden and Richards, in their Basic, want to streamline English. I am convinced, and shall attempt to demonstrate that, from every point of view, Peano is right against Ogden and Richards. But the principle is scrupulously the same in both cases.

A streamlined natural language like Basic or Interlingua remains natural; it is not synthetic. It would probably provide an excellent solution for our present needs: both Basic and Interlingua are much easier to learn than the historical languages upon which they are based. This, however, is not likely to remain the final stage. If we follow the line of thought of men like Russell, Whitehead or Carnap, we can descry the possibility of improving our instrument and turning it into a veritable algebra of thought. There was a time when crude rubber came almost exclusively from the Amazonian jungle. The plantations of Hevea in Indonesia proved that, by taking thought, man could do much better than wild nature. We are now on the threshold of a new development. Already certain forms of synthetic rubber possess properties which cannot be matched in the natural or cultivated forms.

In the past, so-called "philosophical languages" have been clumsy attempts. It is not merely possible, it is

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highly probable that logicians, psychologists, phoneticians and semanticists, if their efforts were integrated, could create a medium of expression immeasurably superior to Latin or English. Then, as in the noble plan of Lakanal under the French Revolution, "general grammar" would be the keystone of education.

VIII. Here we become aware of the fact that even such a perfected instrument would not fulfill the whole purpose of language. Language is social, and therefore logical. For communication implies a common background, a set of accepted rules which, on the whole, must be in harmony with "common sense." Caprice is antisocial. Yet there is also in language, from the instinctive level up, an element of self-expression, and in its utmost refinement of self-exploration, apart from the desire to reach our fellow beings. A cry is not invariably a call. Santayana believes that dialogue is not the primary and original factor in language; that the "speaking to one's self" comes before communication; that language is first of all spontaneous music which only later, and in a very rough and uncertain manner, adapts itself to its rational function.

This theory may seem extreme and paradoxical: yet the *individual* creation of language, as an extension of personality, is a more reasonable hypothesis than a sort of *Social Contract*, a constitutional convention of beings who were previously dumb. But we need not accept Santayana's conception in all its rigor to recognize that man seeks to express more than he can communicate. He hopes to be understood; he knows he cannot be fully understood, for every word he uses has connotations that he cannot fully share. Not the experimental poet alone, but every one of us, is thus attempting to "put into words" his inmost self. Attempting, and failing. Even in the speech of the common man, there is an element which is cryptic, hermetic, or, in the etymological sense, "idiotic." Neither the speaker nor his inter-

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locutor can fully measure the loss. Yet there is a wistful cast even on commonplace features: "Why can't you see what I see, feel what I feel? But what's the use? Let us be satisfied with the rough and ready."

Poets — some poets — are consciously striving to use language beyond the range of mere communication, as an assertion of their unicity. I believe this conscious effort is a mistake. It implies that you *know* what is unique in you; and this you can never know. Negatively, the attempt has an excellent effect. It prevents the poet from limiting himself artificially to the accepted common ground; it liberates him from the tyranny of the trite. There should be more to language than common sense. The result of experimentation may be either to extend the area of agreement, or to trace the limit between "mankind" and individual man.

On this level, language cannot be reduced to a grammar or a vocabulary: language is the man. I do not believe in verbal tricks to emphasize the difference: a "little language" like that of the *Journal to Stella*, or the idiosyncrasies of Gertrude Stein. The unique, which we may call the lyric note in its purity, may be revealed in the tritest words. We are here in a totally different sphere from the ideal of Leibniz, Ogden or Russell. They are seeking unity; the lyric note is the assertion of unicity.

IX. The next step is not, logically, on a higher level. It implies rather a difference in technique. In practically all the realms of language from the third (colloquial speech) to the seventh (algebra of thought), language is accepted as a collective achievement, a tacit or explicit convention. The individual must submit to its law. In the first, second and eighth zones (unconscious, subconscious and expression of unicity), the collective, the conventional factor is subordinated. There is no rule: grammar abdicates, and the vocabulary is set free.

Now this emancipation may appear, even in colloquial

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speech, in the form of *free creation*. This is particularly true of American slang in its most vital forms. French *argot* is a much more standardized and traditional affair. *Argot* is really a dialect, whose domain is social instead of regional: the peculiar speech of schoolboys, soldiers, workmen or thieves, instead of that of Burgundy or Auvergne. The beauty of American slang is that it is either poetry (metaphor) or joyous nonsense. It is *freedom of speech* beyond the dreams of President Roosevelt: "I can do what I please with my own. If I choose to say buck, mazuma, lettuce, cartwheel, instead of currency, it is my business. I know that you, as a man and a brother, will gladly play the game."

Slang, not free and irresponsible, but with malice prepense, becomes journalistic or radio patter, a learned tongue not always intelligible to the trained philologist. The supreme achievement in this line is *Finnegans Wake*. There is no difference, except in subtlety, between such current words as *smog*, *slanguage* or *cinemactress*, and the most recondite creations of James Joyce.

x. The ultimate level is Silence. Ernest Hello had properly called it the natural language of the mystic. This is no absurdity: language can give us a sense of the unspeakable, the unutterable, the ineffable. The greatest heights in poetry are not reached through words, but through the vibrations which continue beyond the words. Many are deaf to this inaudible music. They do not realize, for instance, that in Hugo's tremendous symphony, there is a flute of weird tenuous poetry, and that at times, the flute itself is hushed, and the soul is overwhelmed with silence. Words hack their way through the explicit, and lead us to the brink. He who can hear beyond, let him hear.

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Wanted: A Sovereign

F. Lyman Windolph

SINCE the advent of the atomic bomb, we have been told more and more frequently that if civilization is to be preserved the world needs and must have a federal government — "a constitutional federal government," as it is expressed in the appeal issued by the Rollins College Conference — which will make laws operating upon individuals as well as upon governments. This can mean only one thing: *the world needs and must have a sovereign.*

To one unversed in the language of politics, it must seem that sovereignty is a strange thing. According to Mr. Justice Roberts, it contains "elements" which we should be willing to "pool with the peoples of other nations." According to Wendell Willkie, we should "exchange" a "small measure" of it. According to Mr. Justice Rutledge, we may "surrender" a "portion" of it. On the other hand, Foreign Minister Bevins believes that "no one ever surrenders" it: "they merge it into a greater sovereignty for a limited and specific purpose." According to Mr. Henry A. Wallace, President Roosevelt deserved praise because he was "willing to give up a little" of it for "a lot of peace." According to Mr. John Gunther, Governor Stassen deserves praise because he "has had the guts to suggest that we might give up some of our own precious sovereignty." Finally, Mr. Walter Lippmann regards the theory of "the absolute sovereign state" as contrary to "orthodox doctrine" and as "an aberration and heresy."

What is this sovereignty that is sometimes brushed aside and sometimes ignored, that may be surrendered and conferred at will, that may be pooled, measured, subdivided, merged and bar-

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tered; and that is variously spoken of as if it were a commodity like wheat, a dogma like original sin, and a prerogative to which only a short-sighted and parochial vanity would lay claim?

"If," says John Austin in an often quoted passage, "a determinate human superior, not in the habit of obedience to a like superior, receive habitual obedience from the bulk of a given society, the determinate superior is Sovereign in that society, and the society, including the superior, is a society political and independent." It seemed to Sir Henry Maine that this definition was expressed "with great concision." Some later writers have been less favorably impressed. In the opinion of Sir Frederick Pollock, Austin's manner "is so repulsive . . . that it is hard to be quite just to his matter"; and Professor MacIver thinks that his definition "would turn a pirate ship, a criminal gang, or even a menagerie into a sovereign state."

At the moment we need not be too much disturbed by verbal difficulties. Whatever words may be used, the proposition comes to this. Sovereignty means absolute and unlimited power, and in every independent political society such power is possessed by some individual or group.

We Americans ought to be more fully persuaded of the truth of this proposition and of its necessary consequences in the field of dual government than any other people, ancient or modern. Every schoolboy knows that in the year in which the thirteen colonies achieved their independence, they entered into a "firm league of friendship" which provided that no amendments might be made except by the unanimous consent of all the contracting parties. In the present state of the world the requirement of unanimity is significant. The thirteen independent states were coextensive as to territory and population with thirteen local governments. In addition, there was one general government which had been created by the joint act of all of the states. Such a government is said to be *confederate* in form. Every schoolboy also knows that about six years after the ratification of the league of friendship, certain delegates of the states who had been appointed "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation," violated their instructions and, assuming

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without legal authority to speak in the name of "the people of the United States," ordained and established a new general government.

During the greater part of the next century, the burning question of American politics was what had happened when the Constitution was ratified. The science of morals is concerned with things as they ought to be. The science of law is concerned with things as they are supposed to be. The science of politics is concerned with things as they are. To say that the science of morals is the greatest of the three (and I concede it fully) is not to say that you can make governments out of moral aspirations. Every revolution begins as an idea, but it ends as a fact. Absolute power (like every other sort of power) can be yielded, of course, but it cannot be conferred. It can only be taken and kept. The issue which divided our fathers between 1787 and 1865 was not what the framers of the Constitution intended or what their words meant. The issue was about the location of absolute power: whether the United States remained as a league of states with a *confederate* government or had become a single state with a *federal* government; whether there was still a number of states coextensive as to territory and population with an equal number of local governments, and one general government — or one state coextensive as to territory and population with the general government, and a number of local governments.

The event demonstrated the truth of the remark of John Randolph that to ask a state "to surrender part of her sovereignty is like asking a lady to surrender part of her chastity." If a portion of absolute power is surrendered, the residue retained is, in the nature of the case, less than absolute. The people of the United States could (and did), by force of arms, divide in two the territory of the once sovereign state of Virginia, against the heroic resistance of a majority of its inhabitants. They could (and did), by constitutional amendment, impose prohibition on the people of the once sovereign state of Rhode Island, although the legislature of Rhode Island expressly rejected the amendment. They can (and will), unless and until they lose the power which they now possess, set up in the United States that sort of govern-

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ment which pleases them, and change it from time to time as their wishes may change. "And whosoever," as Hobbes remarked with characteristic clarity, "thinking Sovereign Power too great will seek to make it lesse; must subject himselfe to the Power that can limit it; that is to say, to a greater."

In setting up a federal government in the United States our fathers enjoyed two advantages. The second was very nearly essential to the success of the experiment, and I shall refer to it a little later on. But the first was completely essential, and must be stated at the outset. *The thirteen sovereigns of the old confederation were all democratic.*

Governments, as distinguished from *states*, may be variously classified. Just as a horse may be accurately and usefully described as a quadruped from one point of view, a vertebrate from another, and a mammal from a third — so governments may be described, with equal accuracy and utility, not only as either federal or confederate, but also as either hereditary or elective, depending on the tenure of persons holding office; as presidential or parliamentary, depending on the relation between the legislature and the executive; and in a number of other ways, according to the qualities considered and the ends intended to be served.

Moreover, there are many mixed forms of government. One of the peculiarities of the English political system is that the House of Commons, which is the body in which the sovereign power of the English people is organized, is also — and indeed for most purposes — simply a coordinate branch of the legislature. If we think of it in this latter capacity, we may say that the *government* of England is monarchical as to the King, aristocratic as to the Lords, and democratic as to the Commons. But there can be no such thing as a mixed form of *state*. The only essential attribute of a state is sovereignty. Absolute power cannot be divided. It cannot be partly here and partly there; and when the House of Commons acts as the mouthpiece of the sovereign, both the King and the Lords must and do bow to its will.

The dilemma which lies at the threshold of every proposal to establish a federal government for the world may be illustrated by the case of the projected organic union of three churches. Suppose

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that in one of them final authority in matters of faith and morals is vested in a single individual, that in a second this authority has been committed to a small body not representative of the membership, and that in a third it is exercised by the members themselves. Suppose now some sort of merger to be effected and a question of faith or morals to arise. How is it to be decided? Shall the Patriarch of church A, the House of Bishops of church B, and the communicants of church C each have one vote, and shall two of the three votes prevail? Must the votes be unanimous before the point can be determined? In the first case as much as in the second, nothing has been accomplished except to form what a chemist would call a mechanical mixture, and what a political writer would call a confederation. No new church has been established, and the attempt to establish it has been shown to be impossible unless and until a new source of authority to determine all questions of faith and morals is accepted, not only by the ruling individuals or groups, but also by the members of the former churches.

Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, writing on *Timetable for World Government* in the *Atlantic* for March, 1946, lays down the seven steps which he regards as the "irreducible minimum" for the creation of a "limited world government" to control atomic energy and to prevent its being used for destructive purposes. The United Nations seems to him an appropriate body to accomplish these results, and his first step would be to give to it "preponderant military power," because, "unless the UNO has greater physical power than any likely combination of the nation-states, the rules of the UNO cannot be enforced."

The conclusion is plain enough, but the proposal itself ignores the question propounded by Mr. Elmer Davis in discussing a plan not very different from that of Mr. Finletter — *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* When preponderant military power has been placed at the disposal of the United Nations, to whom will the persons charged with the execution of the power render customary obedience? When a world government has been created, by whom will it be controlled? And if, as Mr. Finletter says, the government is to be "limited," by whom is it to be limited?

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If the new world government is to be established by the states belonging to the United Nations as at present constituted, the organization will continue as a league or alliance from which any member has the right and also the power to secede, and the government will be confederate in form. I think Mr. Finletter would concede this to be so. But if the world government is to be the instrumentality of a world sovereign — i. e., if a *federal* government is proposed — an unanswerable objection is that, however fatal the consequences may be, no world sovereign exists or is likely to exist in the predictable future.

Mr. Finletter says that "we" are to establish the government which he has in mind. The pronoun follows the style of the preamble to the Constitution of the United States — presumably the word "we" refers to the people of the world. The suggested analogy is wholly false. In each of our thirteen states the people were in control, and hence were in a position to surrender their power and to join with the peoples of other states in the formation of a new democratic sovereign. But in most of the states now existing in the world the people are not in control. Mr. Bertrand Russell, has observed that just as, in the time of Alexander the Great, the Greek City State became obsolete because it could not defend itself against Macedonia, so, in our time, Greece as a whole has become obsolete because, as recent history has shown, it cannot defend itself against external agression. He adds that there can be no true independence except for a state strong enough, by its own efforts, to repel all attempts at foreign conquest.

The first of these observations is probably true, and the second was always true. The attempt to distinguish between internal and external sovereignty contains nothing but mischief. At any rate, the mechanical difficulties are reduced if we accept Mr. Russell's views, and conclude that in the modern world there are many political societies commonly described as states whose independence is apparent rather than real, and in which sovereignty has become nothing but a figment. If Greece is an instance where this condition exists, the list of ostensible states must be largely extended.

But what about Russia? In my view of the matter, there is no

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trustworthy evidence that the people of Russia exercise ultimate power and, as a consequence, very little evidence of any sort that they wish to exercise it. Even in the unlikely event that delegates purporting to represent them were to join with delegates of the English-speaking peoples in announcing the creation of "a constitutional federal government" for the world, and even in the still more unlikely event that the new constitution were ratified by a plebiscite conducted in Russia, the constitution would be a "rotten parchment bond" which would be repudiated whenever the real rulers of Russia found it to their interest to do so. I am not suggesting that the Russians are more prone to break faith than other peoples. But on the plainest grounds, they cannot *give up* what they do not *have*. If they do not possess sovereign power now, they cannot surrender it and, in the absence of a revolution, they cannot join with other peoples in taking the power which the rulers of Russia now exercise, and in organizing a democratic sovereign for the world.

I am aware that there are some Americans who will disagree with the statement that Russia is not a democracy. In my opinion, these persons are either incurable optimists or have been consciously or unconsciously affected by Russian propaganda. If, however, we assume that Russia is a real democracy, we come to the second of the two advantages enjoyed by our fathers. *The peoples of our thirteen states were substantially unanimous about all matters of fundamental importance.*

The delegates who met in Philadelphia in 1787 undertook to act for constituents occupying a contiguous territory, speaking a common language, and having a common cultural heritage and political tradition. It is easy to see now that the apprehensions which made it doubtful whether the Constitution would be ratified were founded in most instances on nothing more than unreasonable prejudice. The citizen of Rhode Island who thought that he could not trust the citizens of New York or Pennsylvania to vote about questions which concerned his dearest rights was simply mistaken. The conception of the good life was essentially the same in all of the states, and it was certain that the citizens of New York and Pennsylvania would impose no burdens on them-

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selves which would prove abhorrent to any citizen of Rhode Island.

Because a similar likemindedness exists among the English-speaking peoples today, I would not be afraid on personal grounds to commit to them the final determination of matters of the last moment to myself. But I would not willingly make any such commitment to a popular sovereign in which the Russian people were included. I am not thinking about communism. The question of communism is economic rather than political, and I am much less concerned about it than many of my friends. I am thinking rather about rights like free speech and a free press, which go deeper than any theory of property.

That the Russian people set less store by these rights than ourselves seems to me to be self-evident. I do not mean to imply that our conception of the good life is in all respects superior to theirs. Doubtless if we have much to teach, we have also much to learn. Perhaps we have more to learn than we have to teach. It may even be (though I do not believe it) that we value too highly rights of the sort to which I am referring. All these considerations are beside the point. Democracy is impracticable in the absence of substantial unanimity within the sovereign group about all matters which are regarded, whether rightly or not, as of fundamental importance. Voting is a necessary mechanism of the democratic process, but it is a mechanism of relatively narrow range. We vote only about minor matters — about who is to be President or whether taxes are to be lowered or increased — because all of the voters regard the alternatives presented as desirable from one point of view and at least tolerable from any other. But we are not called upon to vote about whether free speech shall be denied or abridged, or whether accused persons shall be fairly and promptly tried. All such questions were settled and taken for granted when our Constitution was adopted, and when they cease to be taken for granted the end of our democracy will impend.

What has been said may be summed up in a few sentences. It is a political impossibility for the people of the world to ordain and establish a world federal government, because of the existence of states in which the people are not sovereign. The point is at its

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sharpest in the case of Russia only because the position of Russia as an independent sovereign is too plain to be ignored. But if the Russian people actually exercised sovereign power, the proposed government would still be impossible unless we were prepared to place in jeopardy at the outset the deepest of all our political traditions. Our ancestors have loved liberty and have been willing to fight for it on two continents and for almost a thousand years. At the moment the views of the Russian people on this subject are quite different from ours.

What then are we to do? Two courses are open to us, and both of them are full of hazard.

1. We can join *now* with the other English-speaking peoples in the formation of a larger democracy with a federal government. Presumably this is the course that Mr. Winston Churchill would have us adopt. "I suggest," says Mr. Finletter, "that, should Russia hesitate, we should form the supra-national government with those nations who are willing to join it." I do not agree with some of the premises of Mr. Finletter, and I do not approve his political terminology. Nevertheless, I understand him in so saying to take his stand beside Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Justice Roberts was even more definite and, as I think, more realistic in his address at the luncheon of the Associated Press. "And if," he said, "there are nations, as I have no doubt there are, who neither will nor can join in a popular government, a union of peoples, a government where the agency is not that of nations, but the agency is that which springs from you and me to represent us and all the other people in legislating for the common welfare — if there are people who feel that they are not able to join, and who obviously are not able to join, then, for God's sake, let us make it a juncture with such peoples as will join."

There are undoubtedly a good many things to be said in favor of this proposal. The greatest of these is that it makes political sense — if the requisite support of the English-speaking peoples were obtained, it could actually be carried out. The hazard is recognized by Mr. Finletter — that it would "line up the world in two or more groups" and, as it seems to me, would make a third world war almost inevitable. In the perilous times in which we

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live, no man can declare with assurance what the path of wisdom and justice is. The events of the next few years, perhaps of the next few months or even weeks, may lead me to change my opinion, but if I were called upon to vote *now* on the question of a political union of the English-speaking peoples, my vote would be no.

2. We can continue our membership in the United Nations, and hope that the alliance will last long enough to bridge the gap between international anarchy and the emergence of a democratic sovereign for the world. If this course is adopted, it seems to me essential that the present veto power of the great states should be preserved. The veto power is only a legal recognition of an ominous fact: unless (at the least) the United States, Great Britain and Russia can continue to cooperate, "Chaos is come again."

Nothing is to be gained and much is to be lost by laying down a law which is at variance with this fact. It is useless to inquire whether, if the Charter of the United Nations were amended so as to provide for the determination of all questions by majority vote, the rulers of Russia would be bound by their commitment in a matter regarded as vital to themselves, because I take it to be certain that in a like matter the people of the United States would not be bound by any commitment made in their name. It is a gross misreading of history to suppose that the framers of our Articles of Confederation were foolish and the framers of the Constitution wise. The truth is that they were both wise in their own generation, and that the only result of an attempt to provide for the amendment of the Articles by less than unanimous consent, would have been the dissolution of the "firm league of friendship" which had grown out of the enforced cooperation of the thirteen colonies during the War of Independence.

Mr. Finletter fears the consequences of what he describes as "gradualism." I am not blind to the risks involved. Perhaps the curtain is about to fall on civilization as we know it. Perhaps, however, the "iron curtain" over Russia is about to rise. In a desperate exigency I would wait to see.

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Love Song

Frances Frost

Time was when the wind moved over the wheat
and washed like surf in the barley.
Time was when love was strong and sweet
and I could bear it hardly.

Now the windy barley is severed and bound
and taken the golden grain.
Now love is scarred as a rocky ground
and harsh with the salt of pain.

Gathered now are kernel and leaf,
no green wind sweeps in the barley.
Now love is sweet with the bite of grief
and I can bear it hardly.

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Atlantic Lullaby

Frances Frost

Deep in the turquoise element, far down
in black bronze silence shadowed by the hulls
of drowned ships, turn again, tall boy, and sleep.
The upper crying of the stormy gulls

will not awaken you; nor curious fishes
brushing your cheekbone burnished white with salt
recall the lips and fingertips of love.
Your gold imperious body, fault by fault,

has been put off until at last you lie
in the naked beauty of your skeleton.
Boy of the empty breast, in your deep green fathoms,
sleep without passion, immaculate and alone.

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Sons of Goliath

George F. Whicher

WHEN, in the twelfth century, the Abbess Herrad von Landsberg composed for the edification of her nuns a book of useful knowledge, calling it the *Hortus Deliciarum* or *Garden of Delights*, she took occasion to register her official disapproval of poets on the loose. Among several hundred charming miniatures drawn presumably by her own hand is one which shows in a single graphic image the low place that worldly writers held in relation to the total scheme of learning.

The design, patterned after a rose window, pictures Philosophia crowned and seated on a throne in the center, with Socrates and Plato as her attendants. Around her in the seven petals of the rose stand the Seven Liberal Arts with their symbols. Outside the closed circle of knowledge and below it sit four figures at writing desks, pen in hand. The rubric informs us that these are poets and intellectuals (*poetae vel magi*). At the shoulder of each, whispering in his ear, flutters a scrawny, long-necked fowl of blackest hue, obviously Satan's emissary straight from the pit, putting into the writer's mind what the Devil would have him say. Thus, as Herrad conceived it, wicked notions were spread abroad in the form of heresies, ungodly rhymes, and merry tales.

It is undeniable that a surge of intellectual and unorthodox vitality was sweeping through Western Europe at this very time. Old molds were being broken and fresh forms created. New centers of learning, the universities, served to scatter the seeds of intellectual culture, and with the good corn there sprang up a due proportion of tares. The disciples and successors of Abelard, a thinker a hundred years ahead of his age, were insisting that

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reason as well as authority should be heard, presumably to the greater glory of God, though perhaps some already were beginning to suspect that reason and authority might not always accord.

In response to the new spirit vernacular literatures flowered almost overnight. Troubadours, *trouvères* and minnesingers poured out a profusion of lyrics. Other makers, not less prolific, fashioned folk-epics, *chansons de geste*, and Arthurian romances. Roland, Lancelot, Tristram and Iseult, Parzival, Aucassin and Nicolette, the heroes and heroines of idealized chivalry, came to take their places beside the patriarchs of the Old Testament and the warriors of Troy.

Latin literature also shared in the renaissance, or even anticipated it. For many men and some women in the twelfth century, Latin was far from being a dead language. It was the second mother-tongue of Christendom, a daily and familiar speech for clerics of all descriptions, for men of law and the army of notaries, secretaries and scribes concerned with legal matters and affairs of state, and for the horde of scholars thronging to universities and cathedral schools. Morever, it was the almost inevitable vehicle of the written word, and songs composed in Latin were truly international, crossing linguistic frontiers as readily as the music that went with them.

Three types of Latin lyric were available to twelfth-century scholar-poets. The imitations of Ovid or Horace, and the poetry of devotion being perfected by Christian poets, we may — for our present purpose — leave to the inspection of proper scholars, the Abbess Herrad, and other respectable folk. A third variety of Latin lyric, which was already in being before the first troubadour appeared in Provence, employed verse forms borrowed from church minstrelsy to express a revived paganism and the unsubdued urges of the flesh. Poets of this school, although using a tongue dignified by ancient usage, were not overawed by their predecessors. They drew their inspiration from the life that surged about them, and their attitude toward sacred writ was frequently flippant. Many, if not all the poems of this description, were produced by writers currently known as Goliards, or of the

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tribe of Golias. It was perhaps the notoriety of their disreputable lives and works, as most recently exemplified by a rhymer who called himself the Archpoet, which prompted the Abbess Herrad to level her prim rebuke at secular authors.

II

The origin of the word *goliard* is far from clear. Perhaps *gula*, throat, was the germ from which it sprang, as though one should speak of poets not as sonneteers, but as "gulleteers." But the word must soon have gathered to itself, snowball fashion, a number of other implications, one of the most prominent being derived from the Philistine giant Goliath, whose name in the Latin of the Vulgate Bible appears as Golias. We perhaps need to be reminded that David's adversary was only one of a whole brood of giants issuing from Gath, sons of Harapha, with whom the Israelites struggled for forty days and forty nights. He and his monstrous kindred came to be considered types of spiritual wickedness and diabolical evil, just as David, the ancestor of Jesus, became an antecedent symbol of the coming Christ.

It was apparently in this sense of an adversary of righteousness, a sort of Antichrist, that Bernard of Clairvaux branded Abelard as a "Golias" and Arnold of Brescia as his armor-bearer. Although there is no certain evidence, the pupils of Abelard may have taken to speaking of themselves as the "sons of Golias," and so christened a school of poets, for once, in honor of the Philistine.

Meanwhile, since Goliath was the opponent of the shepherd boy David, his name could be aptly applied to any foe of shepherds. It was so employed by the Carolingian scholar poet Sedulius Scottus in a mock-elegy on a sheep, where the term *gens Goliae*, the tribe of Golias, seems to refer to prowling outcasts and sheep-lifters of the sort exemplified by Mak in the *Second Shepherds' Play*. It would be an easy step from this to apply the name to any kind of thief and vagabond, and eventually to fix it specifically upon vagrants of one particular brand, the wandering scholars. Golias then became a mythical prototype who lent his name to the whole guild of greedy, half-starved reprobates who

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traveled light in threadbare cloaks with a few staves of Latin verse as their only baggage and impudence their guide.

Restless intellectuals who insisted on roving from place to place had been a trial to the Church from the fifth century on. But their number was greatly increased when the universities came into being and began to attract crowds of students from far and near. The young scholars soon fell into a way of rambling from one school to another, seeking, as the contemporary saying put it, liberal arts at Paris, law at Orleans, medicine at Salerno, magic at Toledo, and manners and morals nowhere.

Among many who were genuinely called to a life of study, more than a few found that they were not chosen. The professions were soon overstocked, and living by the wits became common. The ragged scholar begging for means to continue his studies came to be as familiar a nuisance as the more recent college student peddling books in vacation to pay his term bills. One of the Goliard rhymes that has come down to us provided a formula for the clerical beggar, leaving a blank where the name or title of the desired patron might be inserted.

I, a scholar far from home,
Born to toil profess me,
Yet the clutch of poverty
Sorely does distress me.

Honored Lord of (This or That),
Friend of erudition,
Lend me such support as best
Fits your high position.

In their heyday, about the middle of the twelfth century, the Goliards were the ecclesiastical counterpart of *jongleurs* or court jesters. They produced Latin poems that were not essentially different from the lyrics that were soon to flower in the vernaculars. They were also prepared to supply special diversion for Latin-speaking audiences, and their highest ambition was to win the favor of some prince of the Church.

Since professional churchmen, when off duty, were not averse to sly irreverences, the Goliards made burlesque and parody a part of their stock in trade. At times the turning of Biblical

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phrases to secular use may have been almost unconscious, the result of the poet's exclusively ecclesiastical education. Thus a learned lyrist might employ the words, "though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," to introduce a poem on a kind of love which could not by any stretch of the imagination be included within the apostolic meaning of charity. Parody did not stop short of blasphemy. The impulse to mock at the solemnities of liturgical ceremony gave rise to a whole series of burlesque offices, in French as well as in Latin, under such titles as the Drunkards' Mass, the Paternoster of the Wine, the Office of the Ribalds, and so on, where *bibamus* (let us drink) took the place of *oramus* (let us pray) and the benediction was "Fraud be with you."

By the beginning of the thirteenth century vagabond scholars and Goliardic minstrels had become a pest. The councils of the period contain frequent canons for their suppression. When they could be caught, Goliards were to be deprived of the tonsure, thus making them in effect outlaws with no place in the social order. Apparently these measures were successful, since the Goliards quickly lost status. Perhaps one of the latest to be mentioned appears in *Piers Plowman*. When Chaucer called his Miller "a janglere and a goliardeys," the name had degenerated into a mere term of reproach.

III

The mythical Golias, who in Rabelais appears as a lineal ancestor of Pantagruel, was a protean figure. At times an incarnation of all that was disreputable, at other times a reprobator of clerical corruption, he took the form now of a mendicant scholar, now of a mock-bishop. Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welsh writer born in 1147, considered Golias an actual person and described him as "a certain parasite, notorious for his gluttony and lechery," of excellent culture but bad manners, who had "vomited forth infamous libels against the Pope and the Curia of Rome, with no less impudence than imprudence." This characterization would fit in general the score or more of poems associated by their rubrics with the name of Golias.

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But the large deposit of Latin verse loosely described as Goliardic is much more various than these satires. It includes a few genuinely religious lyrics, crusading hymns, poetical exercises on the fall of Troy, the death of Dido, and other classical themes, laments for the decay of learning and the instability of fortune, and moral reflections. The most distinctive poems, however, are those that deal with love, springtime and the joys of the tavern. In these may be recognized the first stirrings of revolt against the excesses of medieval asceticism.

Many of the simpler Goliardic lyrics are like folk songs, carols, or dance rhymes, and only the Church Latin in which they are written marks them as the work of learned men. But traces of the scholar crop out in love songs which with elaborate ingenuity often make a considerable display of classical erudition.

No such idealization of woman as marked the knightly lyrics of the troubadours appears in these scholars' love songs. The clerkly author knew not the refinements of the gentle heart. But he clung to certain assumptions — such as that of the boundless superiority of the clerk to the gross layman, particularly to the soldier, in the lists of love. If Abelard, as is supposed, wrote love poems during his first infatuation with Heloise, they may have combined passion and erudition according to the formula that these quaint and dainty lays employ.

It is only conjecturally that Abelard can be connected with Goliardic poetry, but the contributions of several other individual poets can be clearly distinguished from the anonymous mass. A certain Hugo of Orleans, nicknamed Primas or the Primate, made for himself in the first half of the twelfth century a reputation for clever though scurrilous verse that lasted down to the time of Boccaccio and assured his inclusion in the *Decameron*. A contemporary monk of Cluny described him as a *scolasticus*, a man attached to the cathedral school, of mean person and twisted face, who was yet a famous master of polite and impolite letters.

Hugo was a comic genius of the first order, who delighted to expose his own shortcomings. He pictured himself in various poems as the victim of a designing innkeeper, as jilted by the courtesan Flora, as kicked downstairs by a deacon from whom he

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had tried to collect a debt, and as expelled in his old age from a *hospice* for taking the part of a crippled inmate against the overbearing authorities. In point of fact, Primas seems to have flitted from one city to another of northern France. The image of a shabby furtive figure, spouting Latin invective in tumultuous tirade-rhymes, was his legacy to the Goliardic tradition.

Some twenty years later, soon after 1160, a lean and nameless phantom racked by a consumptive cough, arrived at the court of Rainald von Dassel, the archbishop of Cologne and archchancellor of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, when that very executive churchman was engaged in leading the imperial troops in Italy. Announcing himself briefly as

> The poet of all poets the poorest paid — that's me,
> Without a stitch to call my own except what you can see,

he took to himself the title of Archpoet, perhaps in shameless parody of his patron's titles, and for five or six years he haunted the episcopal court as a kind of ecclesiastical jester, appearing outwardly as sober and hollow-cheeked as the Clerk of Oxford, but inwardly possessed by all the failings of a Falstaff.

Born of a military family, but a renegade from the wars, the Archpoet proceeded to wheedle himself into his master's favor by a series of humorous poems, including the *Confession of Golias*, the masterpiece of the school. Under the guise of a pretended confession, the poet takes occasion to celebrate the pleasures of women, wine and the gaming table with unmistakable zest. The famous stanzas beginning "My intention is to die in the tavern drinking" (*Meum est propositum in taberna mori*) lead up to a full-blooded assertion of the hedonist's creed:

> Let the verse be as the wine.
> Grasp this true technique well,
> And like me, until you dine,
> Neither write nor speak well.
> Fasting, while I peak and pine,
> Nothing comes in sequel;
> Feast me, and these songs of mine
> Ovid could not equal.

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With Walter of Châtillon, a reputable churchman and humanist who at one time held office in the chancery of Henry II of England and moved in the genial circle of John of Salisbury, the temper of Goliardic verse turned more and more to satire. Walter was capable of writing a light song, but lyric grace escaped him: his diction was incurably academic. An exasperated modern critic declares that his songs are "heavy as bricks, flexible as sole leather." Only when he had visited Rome and seen at first hand the corruption of the Papal court, did he find his true vocation as the Jeremiah and Juvenal of his age. In the fire of his anger the heavy words ran molten and were cast into great bronze bells to peal out God's judgments upon the unrighteous. In his final illness, a hideous leprosy, he wrote a minstrel's farewell in deepest dejection — not that he was crushed by his own fate,

> But that he sees the dreadful face
> Of doom for all of mortal race
> Rushing upon the unsuspecting world apace.

Primas, the Archpoet, and Walter of Châtillon left the Goliardic tradition a blend of broad comedy, humor and satire, all three superimposed upon the original strain of light-hearted Latin lyric. The only formula that comes near to comprehending the substance of Goliardic verse is that it took to itself and utilized anything that might annoy the rigidly righteous. On the surface it could be innocent or even pious, but the faun's face was continually peeping out.

IV

Among the inevitable subjects of Goliardic satire were the avarice and the gluttony of the higher clergy. The attacks were often vigorous, but rarely of a bludgeoning kind. The keenest thrusts were rapier-like, delighting in rhetorical skill, plays on words, and neat antitheses. The satirists seem to have felt, not so much the honest indignation of reformers, as the sly satisfaction of artists in successful craftsmanship. They enjoyed pelting Simon Magus and Epicurus with epigram and pun.

> Priests there are who think their cure
> Is less of souls than *soldi*,

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(*non morum cura, sed nummorum*) runs one such ditty. Another beats a rattling tattoo of imprecation against the archetypal originator of simony, the most notorious form of clerical racketeering.

Simon steals and Simon bribes,
Some promotes and some proscribes,
Schemes to cause a foe's miscarriage,
Plots a favorite's lucky marriage.

Simon howls unless he wins,
Grease his hand and Simon grins;
Simon never travels far
When there's aught to make or mar.

A second favorite subject was the rustic maiden, the inevitable heroine of the scholar's *pastourelle*. Here again we may suspect that imagined blisses often served the poet better than actual memories. In fact the Archpoet says as much when he is dilating on the difficulty of overcoming nature as long as a pretty face is in sight. Though several songs border on the salacious, there is almost no poetry of downright passion in the whole Goliardic repertory. Perhaps even clerks did not write Latin until they had attained a certain perspective on their feelings. At any rate their emotional adventures seem to have been not merely recollected but experienced with a certain tranquillity. The lover may dream of his sweetheart across years of absence, or he may discover the charm of an attachment postponed while the girl is growing up:

For joy of love with love I dally,
I love a maiden virginally.

This lover proceeds to lay down a program of strict restraint for his *virgo*.

Never mind what others do,
  Girlie, since I say so:
Let me keep some awe of you,
  It is best to play so;
We are innocents, we two,
  And we mean to stay so.

Love for the Goliardic poet was almost always pictured in an outdoor setting. Possibly a keen appreciation of the landscape,

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the changes of the seasons, and all the varying circumstances of nature was as much to his purpose as the girl herself. To men who knew the rigors of winter under medieval conditions, the coming of spring brought unspeakable relief. Their imaginations lived in a perpetual dream of May. Along with much conventional detail of singing birds and purple meadows, and some literary talk of reactivated nymphs and satyrs, there were touches of fresh observation, none more charming than this:

The little cricket fain would greet
The season from his snug retreat,
  A timid chirp he voices,
And soon with whistlings full of glee,
With song and shout and jubilee,
  All out-of-doors rejoices.

After springtime openings had become a trifle stale, there were lyrics of love in winter, and autumn too had its music in a song set to the cadence of falling leaves.

Now every hollow oozes wet
When fields of withered grass are crossed;
The golden sun remains as yet
  A truant lost,
Hence days of snow we're like to get
  And nights of frost.

But the reveling in nature was as nothing to the frenetic exuberance with which the Goliards hailed the pleasures of the tavern. On this subject they displayed a hearty unreserve. One poem in praise of dicing and drinking, which incidentally achieves a momentary burlesque of a hymn by St. Thomas Aquinas, manages to begin every line for two stanzas with the word *bibit* (he drinks) — an effect that can only be approximated in English by other means.

Host and hostess, *he* drinks, *she* drinks,
Even the parson on a spree drinks;
The captain drinks, nor drinks alone,
The tapster drinks with greasy Joan;
They drink, they drink, a motley rout,
The stay-at-home, the gadabout,
The ignorant, the erudite,
The swift, the slow, the black, the white.

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They drink, the poor man ill at ease,
The no-account gone overseas,
They drink, the boy, the gray-haired man,
Prelate and dean both clink the can;
They drink, the sister with the brother,
They drink, they drink, old maid and mother,
What hundreds, nay, what thousands, think!
Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink.

"It seems not possible that poetry should be as gay as this," writes Helen Waddell in her exquisite commentary on the wandering scholars. "These poets are young, as Keats and Shelley and Swinburne never were young, with the youth of wavering branches and running water." There is indeed an almost childlike insouciance in their work which is hard to match elsewhere. The dregs of bitterness and foreboding never stain their minds. Their emotions are as spontaneous and untroubled as the rising sap. The paganism of Horace bears the burden of pagan melancholy, a sad underconsciousness of vanishing springs and roses, from which most Goliardic writing is exempt. These poets have no thought of the morrow and no dread of distant drums. They are the beneficiaries of Christian centuries, even though they repudiate the responsibilities of a religious life.

The Age of Faith included both renegades and parasites, since catholic Christianity embraced not a selection of certain human types and qualities, but all that was humanly possible. It did not reject the flesh that so often hampered and perplexed the spirit, but hoped to regenerate it. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries, therefore, should not be pictured exclusively in terms of the Crusades, Thomas à Becket, Chartres Cathedral, St. Francis, Thomas Aquinas, and Dante. The great structure of mystical belief and scholastic logic which these climactic centuries reared would be incomplete without its arabesques of flowers and fruit and its leering gargoyle faces. These were supplied by the Goliards, and the same creative spirit that inspired the supreme monuments of the age breathed also upon their songs.

Fortunately not all conventual societies followed the lead of the Abbess of Hohenburg in discountenancing the graceless muse. The monks of Benedictbeuern in Bavaria gave shelter to a

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manuscript anthology of secular Latin verse, which contained not only the *Confession of Golias* and several of Walter of Châtillon's most pungent satires, but likewise many kindred productions by Latin-speaking rhymers who exercised their learning in the composition of love songs, drinking songs, parodies, satires and other diversions. From about the year 1275 until the early nineteenth century this collection lay *perdu* in the library of the monastery, a cuckoo's egg in the nest of Holy Church. One would like to know how many brothers in the course of five hundred years relieved the burden of a life of austerity by turning its unsanctified pages.

Professor Theodore Spencer has asked us to print the following correction of his article, "Alfred North Whitehead," which appeared in the Winter issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR:

1) Page 83, column 2: For "a paper was read . . . stood up" read: "a paper was read by the host, and then numbered lots were drawn: each Apostle in the order of his number stood up. . . ."

2) Page 84, column 1: For "University lecturer" read "lecturer."

3) Page 84, column 2: For "throughout his career . . . kept" read "throughout their career, in spite of all their other occupations, the Whiteheads have kept . . ."

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Coast to Coast on the Steam Cars

Stewart Holbrook

SOMEWHERE between the classic journey of Lewis and Clark and the first coast-to-coast flight of a plane, Americans have lost sight of and forgotten the first transcontinental trip of a railroad train pulled by a steam locomotive. It was made in the summer of 1870, and it was more than a ten-day wonder. People, to be sure, had crossed the continent by rail before, but never a through train. Few enough trains did thereafter, for that matter — until 1946, when a way to get through Chicago without change was finally devised.

The daring travelers were members of the Boston Board of Trade, together with several wives and a few children, among the latter being "Master F. H. Rindge," later to found a famous technical school in his native Cambridge. The group mustered one hundred and twenty-nine, and was headed by the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, a future governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; it contained family names of some potency in the professional, literary and mercantile circles of Boston — names like Brooks, Dana, Guild, Houghton, Kittredge, Longley, McIntire, Peabody and Warren.

Notable publicity over a period of weeks had resulted in fifty thousand people visiting the train during the two days it was exposed in Boston. On the day of departure, a vast multitude was on hand at the depot to see the truly splendid procession of cars that had been built especially for this trip by Mr. George Pullman. They cheered mightily as the train pulled majestically out of the Boston & Albany station on the first lap of the long

◎ STEWART HOLBROOK'S first book in three years, *Lost Men of American History*, was published last October. Mr. Holbrook is also the author of *Holy Old Mackinaw*, *Iron Brew*, *Ethan Allen* and *Burning an Empire*. His present article is from a chapter in his forthcoming book about railroads.

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journey, while the locomotive engineer sounded his whistle in long satisfying blasts, a practice he continued as far as Worcester.

It is fortunate that this Pullman Hotel Express party included, just as the Lewis and Clark party did, a competent observer who made note of all worthy things along the way and set them down for contemporaries and for posterity — not in this case in notebooks, but in all the authority of type and printer's ink. The observer was W. R. Steele, journalist, and in the baggage car of this extraordinary train was a "brand new quarto-medium Gordon printing press" on which, during the trip, he printed twelve issues of the first paper ever written, composed, printed and published on the rolling wheels of a steam railroad train. This paper was the *Trans-Continental*, now a rare piece of Americana indeed. Its gorgeous masthead, unquestionably drawn by a gifted man of Pullman, reveals a train steaming across a great plain, heading for distant high mountains. Each beautiful car is plainly labeled "Pullman Pacific Car Company." Sitting moodily on a rock ledge in the foreground is one of Nature's noblemen, feathered and blanketed, contemplating, no doubt, the end of the bison.

Editor Steele was patently a man alive to the importance of the event he was to chronicle. To impale the moment of departure, he compared the "all aboard" of his train conductor to the "yes" spoken by Helen of Troy, to the "nod of a Belgian peasant to Napoleon," to the first trans-Atlantic cablegram — and went on from there to liken the links binding the two American shores to the "massive links in the Campo Santo at Pisa." Classicism was not yet dead in Boston, and Boston was riding the rails.

There were eight elegant carriages to the train, reports Editor Steele. The first in line was the baggage car, but such a baggage car as was never before seen. It contained five ice closets and also that shiny new medium Gordon press. Next came a handsome smoking car, in which was the editor's office, complete with black walnut cases for type, a smoking room with euchre tables, and a hair-dressing and shaving salon. Now came the two hotel cars bearing names famous in the Bay State, the Revere and the Arlington; the two Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room cars, one

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named with a slightly Mormon flavor the Palmyra, the other Marquette; and lastly the "commissary and dining cars," St. Cloud and St. Charles.

No one who saw could fail to notice that the train was "equipped with every desirable accessory tending to promote the ease of the passengers"; these accessories included elaborate hangings, costly upholstery, artistic gilding, and woodwork shining like a mirror. And, perhaps because it was a Boston party, there were two well-stocked libraries aboard — replete, said Editor Steele (a man of taste), with choice works of history, poetry and fiction. To cap everything, there were "two of the improved Burdett Organs." There must have been other music, too, for a roguish item in the first issue of the rolling newspaper said: "Wanted — In the Revere Car, a Tenor and a Bass." Apparently some of the Apleys were getting into voice.

At Albany, J. Tillinghast, Esq., general superintendent of the New York Central, came aboard to ride as far as Suspension Bridge (Niagara Falls), and was happy to see the special do 304 miles in eight hours and twenty-six minutes. One spurt of 23 miles was done in twenty-four minutes. Editor Steele took all this in stride, meanwhile commenting on a subject that could have occurred to but few of his readers — that of time changes. Those of the party who kept their watches on Boston time, he pointed out rather smugly, would on arrival at San Francisco find them three hours and twenty-eight minutes too fast. He explained that in going West the time change was one minute for every fifteen miles of longitude traversed. (The five North American Time Belts did not come into being until November 18, 1883.)

Although both the Boston & Albany and the New York Central had shown every courtesy to the excursionists, it was the Michigan Central that really cut loose in fatted-calf fashion. Picture the joy and amazement of the party when General Superintendent Sargent of that road had the Ruby rolled forward and hitched to the special. This locomotive was not only "tastefully decorated with flowers," but at her head was a large medallion "Welcome to the Boston Board of Trade," and the tender was merely an

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easel for a "panoramic landscape of the trip from Boston to San Francisco, including views of the cities on the line." Nor was that all. On either side of the elegant Ruby, between her drivers, the arms and shields of Massachusetts and California were painted in high colors. To top everything the Ruby's great headlight was "surmounted by a portrait of the President" — not of the United States, but of the Michigan Central.

Hospitality fairly deluged the special as it rolled westward. At Marshall, Michigan, a huge tub of new butter was put aboard, compliments of Mr. Charles H. White; and at Detroit the Messrs. K. C. Barker & Co. presented the party with nothing less than two large boxes of superior fine-cut chewing tobacco, much to the comfort of the ruminant males.

At Chicago the Board of Trade and an immense concourse of people greeted the special. Speeches were made; then Chicago bade godspeed to the party, as it left over the Galena Division of the Chicago & North Western. But one of the Boston group was left behind, a Mr. Sterne Morse. It was at this point that Editor Steele first revealed his revolting capacity as a punster by remarking, with use of italics, that "one gentleman was left *a-stern* in Chicago, and filled with *re-morse* is now chasing our train in a special engine."

The party marveled at the steam-powered bridge over the Mississippi, a mile wide. It found Iowa a pleasant and prosperous land. "All honor to our Western farmers." Council Bluffs was discovered to be a rising city of 11,000, and the erudite editor told his readers that the place was named by the Messrs. Lewis and Clark, who held council here with Indians.

Surprisingly enough, for the party was now really in the West, the amenities of civilization continued; a messenger boy was placed on board half an hour before meeting any eastbound mail, to collect letters for posting; at Omaha the public-spirited firm of Brewer & Bemis, knowing well the dryness of the Great Plains in summer, put aboard a barrel of their best ale, which was gratefully acknowledged by the editor. Aesthetes were at large, too, even in these open spaces; at one of the car windows, at some stop or other, there appeared "a very pleasant looking gentle-

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man," who presented a young lady of the party with a bouquet. She thanked him, did Miss Apley, at which he "lifted his hat and withdrew, bowing gracefully." There was no end of surprises for the Bostonians. . . .

It seems likely that the ale of Omaha was beginning to work on Editor Steele, for between that city and Cheyenne he cut loose with a powerful editorial on "The Age of Progress." He also noticed that Columbus, population 800, was George Francis Train's geographical center of the United States, and that Train, a noted eccentric of the day, planned to move the national capital to Columbus when he was elected President. Much of the scenery was not overly stimulating, yet the party remained of good cheer; concerts on the two improved Burdett Organs were given and voices "rang forth with sweet and joyful notes." Members could scarcely believe they were singing and playing while thundering through the great night of the plains at forty miles an hour.

The excursionists had been avid for a sight of the herds of bison, but they saw mere small groups of this animal along the North Fork of the Platte. Everywhere were gophers, and if you don't think Editor Steele was ready for them, then you haven't taken his measure. "The gopher," he remarked, scarcely able to contain himself, "is so called because he will GO FOR the farmer's grain."

Passing through the Wahsatch Range called forth general excitement, and some fine lyrical periods in the paper. These sights were viewed from a Car of Observation which the courteous men of the Central Pacific had attached to the train, and so "onward with quickened speed, on beneath these massive piles, worn and seamed in their ceaseless struggle against the destroying hand of time . . . to behold broad plains and well cultivated fields which stretch their lines of waving green and golden shades beyond."

Yes, the Mormons knew how to make the desert to bloom, how to organize a country. Even the Bostonians, perhaps as well informed a group of gentiles as could be found in the East, were astonished at the great work accomplished in a short time by the Latter Day Saints. Suddenly the reader of today is brought

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smack into the presence of one of the really great characters in American History:

Yesterday, by invitation of Mr. A. B. Pullman, the following gentlemen dined on board our train: President Brigham Young, Daniel H. Wells, George A. Smith; and Apostles John Taylor, Orson Pratt, Sen. Wilfred Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, Jr., and Bishop J. C. Little.

One wonders if the Bostonians realized what a personage they dined that day in Salt Lake City? Did they consider Young merely as a freak, a shrewd if eccentric opportunist? Or did they realize that here was a man of genuine stature, of accomplishments as impressive as any of his time? At any rate, they found him gregarious, and informative, too. He told his hosts that he then had sixteen wives and forty-nine living children — an announcement that could have been received with mixed emotions. He further reported that he was sixty-nine years of age, and that he had attended school but eleven days in all his life.

President Young invited the party to the Tabernacle. There, if not before, Boston was more than impressed — by the size and the magnificence of the building, but even more by the "remarkable address" of Mr. Young, which he delivered with an ease and sureness not often encountered. Indeed, Mr. Young produced an effect that is apparent still in the fading pages of Editor Steele's paper. One senses that the Boston men felt finally, and perhaps uneasily, that they had met and heard one of the great forces of the western United States.

II

Filled with a new respect for the abilities of Mormons, the Pullman Hotel Express pulled away for the long haul to the Pacific, while talk turned to the wonders of transportation and communication. Out here in the region of vast spaces, where Boston seemed so far away, the magic of the telegraph was brought home. One of the party had sent a wire home to learn if his family were well, and "we had scarce run forty-seven miles further when the reply was received." It all set Editor Steele to pondering that this wonderful agent should be so strong a channel between the train and friends at home, that it could transmit

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"intelligence" in the twinkling of an eye. Perhaps, he brooded in print, the same or a similar principle might be expanded and applied to locomotion, annihilating distance and almost outrunning time. . . .

On pounded the special, through Hot Springs, Willard City, and Corinne, past Promontory Point, past places named Montello, Loray, Toano, Pequop. Human desert rats, even then wandering the high dry places of the land, paused a moment in their endless search for the mountains of silver and the ledges of gold, to watch the Pullman Hotel Express following the example of Lewis and Clark, looking with what seemed to be either mild interest or mild disgust at the gaudy cars.

At last, over the hump at Summit, then down through the American River Canyon to Sacramento and San Francisco. The barrel of Omaha ale must have long since evaporated, yet Editor Steele rose handsomely to the occasion of entering California. When, he asked — when is a cow real estate? and answered, when she is turned into a field. . . . Then, when the party could contain their laughter, a bottle of Massachusetts Bay water was emptied into San Francisco Bay, with all of the amenities proper to such an occasion.

The Boston Board of Trade party was now taken in hand by masters of showmanship. The Bostonians were wined, dined, praised, taken for trips over the Mother Lode and through Yosemite. If you think these Apleys were immune, then you must be told that they were not. The California yeast was bubbling within them, and in at least one instance it boiled over into a poem of three cantos and twenty-six stanzas. The whole heady enterprise ran to one hundred and four lines, in which the poet reached for the stars and beyond them to God, to relate the wonders of these new Elysian Fields.

Then, on June 25, punctually to the minute, "our beloved train, which had been tastefully decorated" while the party was junketing, left Oakland on the return trip. They saw many Indians this time, and ran into vast swarms of crickets that often impeded the wheels. At Omaha the irrepressible George Francis Train showed up to greet the party and to tell them he was about

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to start his trip around the world, which he hoped to make in no more than ninety days. At Council Bluffs the Bostonians had a message from — though they did not meet — Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, former editor of the *Lily*, a temperance paper, and designer of a garment that already had taken her name. Editor Steele intimated, in print, that the ladies of his party had worn garments of the Bloomer style while on their sight-seeing trips in California.

III

At half-past six, on July 2, 1870, six weeks to a day from its departure, the Pullman Hotel Express pulled into Boston. The trip had been a tremendous experience for them all. They were wiser people for their journey, certainly better Americans. Editor Steele, on the whole an alert and competent reporter and a reflective man as well, summed up when he arrived back at Tremont Street. "Thank God!" he cried, "that we have a Massachusetts, a Maine, and a California, and for all the noble Commonwealths of the sisterhood of states. . . . It shall not be our fault if the glorious promise of the future in fame and progress be not fulfilled." That was it. The Union, the glorious Union, and she was now flying with her own wings, flying high and handsome, Destiny in her talons.

The men and women of Boston had now seen the Indian in his own habitat. They had seen and talked with Mormons, with prospectors, cow hands, homesteaders, with farmers of the West, with lumberjacks, with trappers. They had seen the great fertile acres of the Midwest, the illimitable grasslands, the deserts, the strange rock forms of Wyoming, the mighty cliffs of the Rockies and the Sierras, the wild blue of the Pacific. It was all America, all United States, warp and woof, good and bad.

The men and women of the Boston Board of Trade's party would never be quite the same again. They had seen a sequoia that was immeasurably bigger and taller than the column in Mr. Breed's pasture in Charlestown. They had crossed rivers to make the Charles seem the drippings of an eaves spout. More important, they had seen at first hand how many miles stretched across America, and how those miles had been caught and tamed

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by the rails and the wires — not only caught and tamed, but bound together. Henceforth, the words "United States of America" would mean something new, something infinitely greater.

And one is not to think that only the Bostonians profited from the journey. "Some of our own improvident people," remarked the *San Francisco Bulletin* in a contemporary issue, "have indulged in stale witticisms over the economising disposition evinced by the Boston party." In other words, the Yankee had seemed mighty stingy to the easy-come, easy-go people of the West Coast. Yet, continued the *Bulletin*, getting tarter by the moment — yet, these are the people who give larger sums of money for educational and charitable purposes, in the ratio of population, than any other people on earth. On the other hand, said the *Bulletin*, few of the San Franciscans who were so careless of their own nickels and dimes could muster a hundred dollars. They had better emulate the Yankee, rather than try "to keep alive the questionable 'prosperity'" that had stemmed from the wild and now obsolete old days of the mining camps. Economy in detail is and should be respectable, said the paper, and it was high time, and past, for the West Coast to deflate its preposterous notions that dimes, nickels and pennies were worthless.

So, if the Yankees learned a good deal on their long journey, they may also have left a few ideas in their wake. As good Editor Steele remarked: "Hurrah for the railroad!"

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The Creative Artist in the University

Edward T. Cone

IF, AS is so often stated, the humanities are indeed on the defensive in present-day American education, the obvious question is: on the defensive against what? With the usual answer — against the increasing trend toward specialization in the natural sciences, or toward pure technical training — I am not concerned. Serious as the results of such a tendency may well prove in our national life, they could not alone prove fatal to humanistic studies. My present interest is in the possibility that these studies are in far greater danger from within themselves — from a serious disease which is so weakening them that they cannot withstand the onslaughts of the more vigorous branches of learning. And the key to the problem is found just here: why should other fields be, or seem to be, more vigorous? Do mathematics, physics and chemistry enjoy a favored position today only because ours is a world in which technology is foremost? Or is one reason for the present-day advance of technology the fact that mathematics and the natural sciences have, almost alone among the branches of learning, remained healthy, retained their proper characters? Would mathematics, for example, have achieved its present station if it had allowed itself to become infected by the virus of the historical method?

At the risk of seeming facetious, let me describe a hypothetical university in which mathematics is given the treatment generally afforded the humanistic studies. Here members of the faculty are chosen, not for their skill as mathematicians, but for their knowledge of the history of the science. Students are taught, not to use the language as a tool, but to observe it as used by others. As a

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result, those interested in advanced study in the field are completely unequipped to pursue creative work, but are trained rather to become historians of mathematics.

Such an analogy naturally involves an exaggeration. History is germane to the humanities in a way that it is not to the sciences: the cathedrals of the Middle Ages are uniquely valuable to us, whereas anything of importance in the mathematics of the period is included in that of our own day. It is against the all-inclusive position which history has gained for itself in so many university departments of languages and literatures, of the fine arts, of music — against the point of view that knowledge of the history of an art is identical with a complete knowledge of the art itself — that my argument is directed. We may laugh at Gertrude Stein's "rose is a rose," but we tend to forget that the subject matter of literature is literature, and not the history of literature; the subject matter of art is art; of music, music.

The respective histories of these fields have their proper and important places in any complete survey; but when the study of history absorbs the time and energy which should rightfully be expended upon gaining first-hand experience of the art, two unfortunate results ensue. The student forgets that the true aim of his historical researches should be to make more vivid the values embodied in the art of the past; he comes more and more to believe that the object of scholarship is the accumulation of facts for their own sake. Moreover, his preoccupation with the historical point of view often prevents him from developing any aesthetic or other philosophical standards except purely relativistic ones, so that he finds himself in the sad condition of Thurber's bearded, near-sighted connoisseur who "knows all about art but doesn't know what he likes."

The remedy I propose implies that the strength of the natural sciences lies in their recognition of the primary role of creative thinking; for I would vitalize the humanities by bringing the creative artist into the university as a prime factor of its educational and scholarly life, in order to afford the student first-hand experience in his chosen field, such as he now has in physics or chemistry.

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First-hand experience means making, doing. What relation has this to the aims of a university, which are primarily directed toward increasing the sum of human knowledge and disseminating this same knowledge? But knowledge is not covered by historical scholarship alone — nor, going one step further, by critical, interpretive evaluation. Creation itself opens a unique channel of knowledge, and as such is in the proper sphere of the university.

I am not speaking only of the profound knowledge of his medium which every artist must possess, although this aspect is important. When I speak of creation in relation to knowledge, I mean that the process of writing a poem, of painting a picture, of composing a song, involves discovery on the part of the artist, which is in turn communicated to his audience through the work of art. Every poem, picture or song, insofar as it has any value, contributes to human knowledge in a unique way. When Liszt wrote his B minor piano sonata, he discovered something about the relationship of triads separated by a tritone. And when Michelangelo painted and chiseled, he contributed to our knowledge of the expressiveness of the human figure.

The paradox is, indeed, that the artist should be forced to prove his fitness to join the community of scholars. Who should know more about poetry than the poet, about music than the musician? Yet historians and critics presume to teach the artist his trade, under the assumption that he is an inspired fool who knows not what he does. Granted that he sometimes is — yet is he not just as often a man with the profoundest insight into his medium, gained by careful study and constant practice? Granted that he may have something to learn from the scholars, should they not learn from him as well?

Those in the field of philosophy have pursued their subject in the belief that the philosophers themselves are the best teachers of philosophy — indeed, even its best historians. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the philosophical method is fundamentally different from the historical, and only one whose primary training has been in the problems of his method itself can be sensitive enough to record accurately and intelligently the important trends in the thought of other men grappling

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with the same problems. But, *mutatis mutandis*, does not this also apply to a large extent in every field? Granted that some training in the practical use of historical tools is desirable and even necessary, does it not remain true that a poet, sensitive as he is to the most subtle variations of word and meter, is better equipped to interpret for us the changing styles of poetry through the ages than is the historian or the philologist?

It will be answered that this is the function of the critic — artistically sensitive, trained in historical scholarship, and schooled in aesthetics. But most of the great critics, throughout the centuries, have been practicing artists as well. It is logically true that critics of literature, using the written word as their medium as well as their subject matter, must be competent writers. It is historically true that the best critics of music have been composers. In the creative arts, teaching and criticism are one and the same; and, today as yesterday, the ideal trinity is artist-teacher-critic.

On the other side, it should be pointed out that the university may have as much to contribute to the artist as it can receive from him. A century and a half of freedom from aristocratic patronage has convinced the artist that, unless he lives long enough to become a contemporary classic, he cannot hope to make a living directly from the practice of his art. The most that he can hope for is that he can support himself in one of the related crafts: if he is a composer, he can teach, play an instrument, or write applied music of various types. The architect may seem to be in a better position, but in most cases he must support himself by purveying Georgian or Tudor houses to a conservative clientele. In all fields of art, indeed, the audience of today — the democratic mass-audience to whom some would have the contemporary artist address all his efforts — is conservative, if not reactionary; it is essentially opposed to experiment, and to follow its dictates would stifle all truly creative impulses.

At this point three candidates for the position of patron come forward: the state, the commercial corporation, and the university. There are effective arguments against state subsidy, and equally effective ones in favor of it. Most of them are concerned

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with a definition of the proper limits of government. The one that interests us here raises the question: will public funds ever support progressive trends in art? The short-lived Federal Theater indicated that they might, but the buildings in Washington clearly show that in the long run they do not. The same question is appropriate in the case of funds of private commercial origin. Few painters would refuse a commission to furnish a picture glorifying the beauties of tobacco, provided that style and form remained up to the artist; but recent examples of this kind have proved hardly better than conventional illustration. There is little reason to hope that present-day corporations will foster anything other than creation in the most conservative and innocuous styles.

The university remains. It can offer the artist what lies beyond the power of both the state and the commercial enterprise: a selected, trained audience. It can even afford the artist an opportunity to train his own audience — men and women who, made receptive by education at its best, are given an opportunity to find out at first hand what the creative artists of their own day and in their own country are doing. If the standards of our mass-audience are ever to be raised, it must be done through these trained members. A university functioning in a democracy hopes to influence the electorate toward a greater and more intelligent awareness of political issues through the men and women it sends to take their part in that electorate; should not the same principle be at work in the democratic audience? The only alternative is a continuation and intensification of the present dismal situation, which confronts the serious artist with two unfortunate alternatives: he may produce primarily for the consumption of his fellow-artists and for a group of connoisseurs only slightly more numerous, or he may attempt to find a compromise between his own artistic goals and the demands of the large, untrained audience. Neither solution is satisfactory to a man with a live conscience; neither solution is necessary under the regime outlined here.

It is obvious that not all artists are fitted for the position just described. Many would find life in a university unduly confining, and possibly dangerous to their own artistic growth. Some would

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be out of sympathy with the more general aims of the university and would work counter to its interests by alienating its students. Others might be completely inept at verbal communication. For these, an academic position would be out of the question. But the artist of broad tastes and wide intellectual interests, with the ability and a desire to teach, who finds the university stimulating rather than stultifying, and is convinced of its value — this is the man whom we are seeking.

The picture painted here is not a fantastically ideal one, for the experiments already conducted along these lines by many institutions indicate the feasibility of the plan. Let us therefore examine in more detail the specific role our chosen artist will play in his university community. It should be regarded in two lights: his contact with that community as a whole, and his influence upon those students interested in his particular field, especially those who may elect a career in it. We are inclined to forget the first, and to relegate what the artist has to offer to some extra-curricular "program" which is squeezed in by interested students as best they may. A better system would be one whereby the artist's position would be integrated with the department of study indicated. Not only should he teach the technique of his craft, but he should be called upon to illuminate by his insight the fields of his colleagues in the historical and critical disciplines. In this way he would come in contact with an ever widening circle of teachers and students, all of whom would benefit by exchange of ideas with a first-rate creative mind.

Under such circumstances, it would not be too much to require of every undergraduate concentrating in literature or one of the arts that he should attempt some independent creative work in that field. A sonnet, a still life, a fugue — whatever might be indicated, the actual experience of creation under the guidance of an acknowledged master would give the student an insight into the medium that could be gained in no other way.

So far, only the pedagogical activities of the artist have been touched upon. Naturally, the majority of his time should be spent in creation. Here again the university can act to its own and the artist's mutual advantage by commissioning works whenever

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possible: odes, murals, anthems. Needless to say, the specifications should be the minimum required by the occasion; style and form, and of course ultimate content, must be determined by the artist alone. Special concerts, art exhibits, dramatic productions — these too would have their places in an integrated plan of this type. Best of all, the presence of the artist on the campus should attract talented students with whom he could share these opportunities.

The presence of the talented student brings up the final point: the relation of the artist-teacher to those who intend to follow in his footsteps. Do these men gain any advantage by studying with the master in this specific environment? Can he give them more here than elsewhere? This question can be discussed only in connection with a more fundamental one: is a university education of advantage to a creative artist? But to ask this implies one of two things: a doubt that a university education has any value, or a belief that an artist is in some peculiar way different from his fellows and should be separated from them.

This essay is written on the assumption that a university education is valuable; if this is so, it would be a poor favor to the artist to deprive him of it solely because he is more gifted in some respects than are others. Yet, unless we grant the artist-teacher a permanent place in the academic set-up, we are in effect banishing the artist-student from the campus. Granting, however, that both the artist-teacher and the artist-student have a proper place in the university, we can see that the teacher can serve here more effectively than elsewhere. As a private instructor, or even in a conservatory, or art school, he can do little but teach his appointed subject for his appointed hour. In the university, he can help the student to develop as an artist — a task quite different from giving him pure instruction in artistic technique.

It is also important that the young student-artist should not be artificially isolated from his fellows, as he may easily become in art schools and conservatories. Coming in contact only with those like himself, he begins to accept as natural what has already been mentioned as a symptom of ill health: the fact that many present-day artists create primarily for one another.

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It will doubtless be objected that there are no standards for measuring creative achievement; that even if it be granted that creation involves a unique form of knowledge, there is no way that this knowledge can be "examined" and "graded." This is true. A student's progress in musical composition, for example, can be precisely measured so long as he is concerned with techniques only — harmony, counterpoint and even strict forms of composition. In every case, however, the work can be accurately judged only on "correctness," not on "imagination" or "originality"; and when he graduates to free composition — what then?

The question is one which must be met squarely, even though the problem applies only to the exceptional student. But exceptional students always require and usually receive special treatment, even in the more normal academic fields. Honors programs in many universities indicate that academic requirements can be altered to fit the gifted undergraduate. Such an honors program for a student talented in one of the creative arts might involve the substitution of an original work of art for a generally required essay or examination. The success of such a scheme depends on the judgement of the artist-teacher. His task is not so much to determine whether the student "passes" or "fails," but to decide whether the student is capable of undertaking such a program at all — for no student should be allowed to do so unless the instructor is convinced that the results will be of the highest quality. The problem of measuring, of grading, then disappears.

At this point another aspect of the same problem comes into view — the extent to which this program is applicable to graduate work. If the university assumes any obligation toward the talented student, it implies a willingness to see his artistic training through to completion. This brings up the complicated question of the proper academic recognition for the graduate study thus necessitated. The fact that the scholar, the scientist and the abstract thinker are ready for independence is indicated by the Ph.D. degree. Whether this degree, already stretched to cover so many fields that its origin is no longer recognizable, should be

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stretched still further to cover yet another, is difficult to decide. It is important, however, that by this or by some comparable degree, due recognition be given for the completion of a course of training as arduous, as inclusive, and as detailed, as that in any other branch of learning.

Is this then the path of salvation for the humanities — to invite the creative artist to enter the halls of learning, to sit as an equal in the councils of the historical scholars? The attempts now being made indicate that a more general experiment would be worthwhile. And if it should prove successful, it would not be too much to hope for results far beyond the purely educational ones. It is to a future generation of artists, possessing the benefits both of rigorous technical training and of university education, and to their audience, men and women whose own schooling has not neglected aesthetic experience, that we look for the ultimate justification of the plan outlined here. Here will be the source of that leadership which our cultural life so greatly needs.

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Jefferson and Freneau

Philip Marsh

LATE in 1790, Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State since March, had hardly settled himself in his new quarters in Philadelphia, where the government had just moved from New York, when James Madison and "Lighthorse Harry" Lee called upon him, full of plans to combat the program of Alexander Hamilton and his Federalist cohorts in Congress.

Jefferson was more than sympathetic. He had been amazed, on first arriving at New York, to hear, in government circles, so little republican and so much aristocratic sentiment, and to see the trappings of royalty — titles, presidential levees, and speculative wealth — rising in fashion and authority, and led by the Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton. Fresh from revolutionary France, he genuinely feared the possibility of an American aristocracy, even monarchy, and saw at once the need of a popular republican press to combat it. The leading American newspaper was the Federalist *Gazette of the United States*, edited by John Fenno, a Bostonian who had come to the national capital to seek his fortune as a printer for Congress, and who praised everything governmental or Hamiltonian. Where was an editor and a *national* newspaper to oppose him? How could the victorious march of the Treasury program — the funding system, the assumption of state debts, the national bank, the excise — be halted short of complete federal powers over the states? The people must be informed, educated and roused to their danger.

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Such was, to Americans who loved republican principles passionately and ranked the immortal Declaration of Independence close to the Bible, the pressing national political problem. They resented the growing federal powers as a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, if not the letter. They especially resented the concentration of these powers in the hands of Alexander Hamilton, the British-born aristocrat who had advocated, at the Constitutional Convention in 1787, a British type of government for the United States. As Secretary of the Treasury, he had achieved wonders in redeeming his country's credit. Yet, in doing so, he had drawn his support chiefly from banking and commercial interests, and alienated the planters and the small farming interests, particularly in the South.

1790 and 1791 were the years of Hamilton's greatest popularity. He was the financial wizard who boomed American business and put many a Federalist in a fair way to individual independence through speculation in certificates bought at ten to twenty cents on the dollar. By taking over the states' war debts, via the Assumption Bill, he had created a selfish interest everywhere for the support of his whole money program, until it was feared by many that the Treasury might become the government.

Jefferson feared him for another reason. He was convinced that this Atlas was plotting to strengthen the central government to a point where the Constitution could be safely overthrown or drastically changed, and a monarchy set up. Recalling vividly the terrible poverty and oppression of pre-Revolutionary France, the author of the Declaration of Independence was determined that monarchy should never return to America.

There were many meetings of Republicans, much angry debate over the perversion of the intent of the Constitution by "Hamilton's Congress," and a search for a press and an editor to meet the situation. John Beckley, Clerk of the House, Aedanus Burke of South Carolina, Harry Lee, James Madison, James Monroe and others turned naturally to Jefferson for leadership. He was the author of the immortal Declaration, a friend of the revered Franklin, a diplomat experienced in the courts of Europe, and the third highest officer of the government. He was well known as a

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good Republican, a supporter of the federal idea yet a critic of it, a philosopher who favored the common man. In Virginia he was a member of the landed aristocracy, yet a champion of the Bill of Rights, an enemy of militarism and taxes who argued for states' rights and a strict interpretation of the Constitution. Such a man appealed to many who were rich as well as to the poor; to the educated, who respected his learning; and to the illiterate, who knew his loyalty to their interests. Around him they rallied and formed the first Republican party, which in the 1790's roughly approximated the alignments of the present Democratic organization.

But a party needs a press. Though there were newspapers sympathetic to Republican ideas and critical of the Treasury, there was no official party organ, no national Republican newspaper. What should be done? An able editor of real republican fervor, unattached to moneyed or aristocratic interests, faithful to the cause of the farmer, old soldier, mechanic, laborer and small merchant, who would fight against monarchistic and monopolistic tendencies, must be found to preach the Republican doctrines. All through the fall of 1790 and the first weeks of 1791, Jefferson and his friends sought for such a man.

On February 15, 1791, proposals for a New Jersey country newspaper, the *Monmouth Gazette*, galvanized Burke, Lee and Madison into swift action. The proposer was Philip Freneau, "poet of the Revolution," a former sea captain at the moment working in New York for Francis Childs and John Swaine, as assistant editor of their *Daily Advertiser*. He was a New Jersey farmer, newly married, and a fervent patriot. Moreover, he had been the Princeton college mate of Madison and Lee, who knew him as a hater of Britain and aristocrats. At Burke's suggestion, Madison called upon Jefferson and requested a government place for Freneau. Somehow, so talented a Republican writer must be brought to Philadelphia. In him they were sure they saw their national editor, who could expose Hamilton and ridicule Fenno.

Jefferson was pleased to comply with a part-time vacancy, a translatorship paying $250 a year. Often it meant so little work that the Secretary or one of his regular clerks translated the let-

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ters from France, Holland or Spain. It was a post that could remain unfilled, but Thomas Jefferson gladly took his quill in hand:

> Sir, — The clerkship for foreign languages in my office is vacant. The salary, indeed, is very low . . . but also, it gives so little to do, as not to interfere with any other calling. . . .

Of course Freneau would be first an editor, and only at spare moments a translator — that was understood! The *Leyden Gazette* would be his, to spice his pages with authentic foreign news. Access to State Department correspondence and the printing of laws would be added favors. Jefferson, Madison and their friends would help secure subscriptions; there would be notices and proclamations to print, perhaps books. But the opportunity to tear the mask from the monarchists, to reveal their sinister plot for a titled, monied aristocracy, to expose the schemes of Alexander Hamilton, to defend the principles of the Revolution, the Declaration and the Constitution — these were attractions supposedly irresistible to Philip Freneau, the impulsive lover of freedom!

But he was not to be won easily. He had responsibilities to those who had subscribed for the *Monmouth Gazette;* he was not sure of his translating ability; and who was to finance the venture? He had little money of his own. Madison, journeying to New York to arrange a vacation trip for himself and Jefferson, saw his old friend there, won him over briefly, and then lost him. When Jefferson came in May, they breakfasted together with the poet and spoke of the great opportunities in the capital city for a truly national Republican paper. Freneau was unconvinced. New York was nearer his home. Perhaps he ought to establish there. But the money problem was his greatest.

The vacation trip was over, and Jefferson had returned to Philadelphia, long before Freneau made his decision. Then, after a conference with Madison and Lee, the poet agreed with his publishers, Childs and Swaine, to edit a journal at Philadelphia for a third of the profits, they to finance the venture. The prospective editor wrote to Jefferson:

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> Upon recently talking over the matter with Mr. Madison and Col. Lee I have proposed a concern (which they have accepted) with Messieurs Childs and Swaine in a press at the seat of Government. . . .
>
> I am now so far advanced on our plan as to have finished a *copy of Proposals* for the National Paper. . . .

He then journeyed to Philadelphia, where in August he became translator and published his proposals for the *National Gazette*, a semi-weekly newspaper devoted to republican principles. His friends helped to get subscriptions; an office was established at what is now 511 Market Street; and there, on October 31, 1791, he published the first national democratic American newspaper, the *National Gazette*, "By Philip Freneau."

No doubt Hamilton, John Adams, Henry Knox, William L. Smith, Elias Boudinot and John Fenno, their editor, looked askance at this new venture as likely to bring trouble. But for the first few months the editor felt his way cautiously, content to purvey news articles by Madison or other party men, and his own satiric poems — in a journal mildly critical of speculators, aristocrats, monarchists and the administration. It pointed its guns particularly at Hamilton's financial measures, and the New York speculation as their logical result.

In fact, it was the toppling of the New York speculative house of cards built by Duer, Hamilton's friend, that loosed the floodgates of Republican criticism. All through March and April, 1792, business was at a standstill in the former capital and greatly reduced in Boston and Philadelphia, as Duer and his friends went bankrupt and Hamilton labored mightily by letters and Treasury purchases to hold prices steady. By May, the worst was over — but by then, the Federalists and Hamilton had been subjected to a country-wide barrage of caustic criticism, with wild charges of monarchism. In this campaign of attack, the *National Gazette*, now circulating everywhere, was the leader, its political articles widely copied.

In June, the smoldering quarrel between Freneau and John Fenno, editor of the *Gazette of the United States*, burst into the open. Hamilton, sore from many thrusts, thought he saw in Freneau the publicity agent of a Jefferson-Republican plot to

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ruin him and the Constitution. In May he wrote a long letter to Edward Carrington, complaining of Jefferson, Madison and Freneau. Similarly, Jefferson wrote to Washington a list of popular complaints against the Hamilton policies and their effects. By July, after both Washington and Jefferson had left for Virginia, believing the time ripe for exposure, Hamilton struck — with an insinuating note by "T.L." in the *Gazette of the United States:*

> The Editor of the "National Gazette" receives a salary from government: —
>
> *Quere* — Whether this salary is paid him for *translations;* or for *publications,* the design of which is to vilify those to whom the voice of the people has committed the administration of our public affairs . . . ?

Assuming this was Fenno's work, Freneau replied sarcastically in prose and verse. A cluster of bitter little notes bloomed into print on the issue. But Hamilton struck harder on August 4, when in a letter signed "An American" he openly accused Freneau of being "influenced" by Jefferson with a government place, said the latter had instituted the *National Gazette,* and asserted he had opposed the Constitution and recommended an "immoral" transfer of the French debt to a Holland company. The attack shocked the capital with repercussions quickly reaching Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe in Virginia.

Freneau now saw that he was dealing with a dangerous opponent. At once he published an affidavit of denial, asserting his editorial independence. Hamilton replied brilliantly, insinuated that Jefferson wrote for the *National Gazette,* and implicated Madison as the "negotiator" of Freneau's move to Philadelphia. The city now seethed with attack, counter-attack and denial. It was openly hinted that "An American" was the Secretary of the Treasury — and the spectacle of one Secretary attacking another shocked Philadelphians even more. Washington, recognizing the identity of the accuser, wrote letters to both Secretaries, urging peace. Their answers reveal the reasons for the first major split of American politicians into two parties, conservative and liberal-radical.

Hamilton in effect admitted the authorship, but said he could

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not at the moment withdraw. Jefferson explained his relations with Freneau, denied most of the charges, and brought others against Hamilton — such as his interference in foreign affairs, his monarchism, and his financial measures and their effects. The President was unable to effect a reconciliation.

Meanwhile, the newspaper battle went on. Attorney General Randolph as "Aristides" defended Freneau and Jefferson and Madison, and accused Hamilton of writing the attacks. At once they were shifted to "Catullus," another Hamilton pseudonym. Soon an anonymous champion offered a solid answer to the charges, buttressed by excerpts from Jefferson letters to prove he had not opposed the Constitution. These answers were written by James Monroe, assisted by Madison, and appeared in Dunlap's *American Daily Advertiser*.

Presently the struggle narrowed down to a duel between Monroe and Hamilton over Jefferson's supposed recommendation of a transfer of the French debt. Monroe asserted he had argued for a loan. Hamilton, still as "Catullus," said he had suggested a transfer through a purchase by Dutch bankers, and that the then (1786) unlikelihood of payment and expedient reasons constituted an "immoral" basis. On a question of the actual wording, Monroe, having access to the original letter, had an advantage. Finally, with a challenge to examine the original and settle the question, he forced his wily opponent to retire. Hamilton's attempt to crush Freneau and discredit Jefferson had failed. As 1793 began, the sensational charges had shrunk to mere insinuations; and the Republicans, now united in hatred of Hamilton, triumphantly attacked, and in Congress forced an exhausting investigation of Treasury policies. Hamilton emerged from this with honor, but was on the defensive for months.

Editor Freneau wisely let Randolph, Monroe and Madison bear the brunt of defending him. But the *National Gazette* now rose to real national leadership as the voice of Jeffersonian Republicanism. Into the far corners of the states, to the small farmers and frontiersmen, even to Kentucky and Georgia it went, carrying the sword of criticism and biting attacks on Hamilton, the Treasury and its funding system, the National Bank, the

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excise, the presidential levees, and all the Federalist would-be aristocrats. But soon there occurred events even more explosive.

Early in 1793, the French king was beheaded and the Republic of France mushroomed into full stature, declaring war on England and sending a minister to America with plans to involve the United States in war on British and Spanish possessions. As the minister landed in Charleston, commissioning privateers, American respectability became panic-stricken. Anything to keep out of war, even the breaking of treaties! Washington hurried from Mount Vernon, called his Cabinet, and published a proclamation of "neutrality." At this, and the tumultuous arrival of Minister Genet in Philadelphia, Freneau and his *National Gazette* erupted — in unison with Republican America — in wild praise of France, condemnations of Britain, and appeals for keeping the French treaties, even for war against Britain.

To Washington, always sensitive to criticism, Freneau was a mighty thorn — and one day he made it clear that he would be pleased if Jefferson would discharge him. Jefferson balked, and wrote in his *Anas:*

> But I will not do it. His paper has saved our constitution which was galloping fast into monarchy, & has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper.

Had Freneau prevented an American monarchy? So Jefferson seemed to think. But the President's annoyance, aggravated by a midsummer crisis over the irrepressible Genet, grew to an outburst in a cabinet meeting — "That rascal Freneau!" Washington, who had begun as impartial, was on his way to becoming a rigid Federalist.

But time was running out for the *National Gazette*, now the dominant organ of democratic America, circulated, quoted, imitated, and heartily praised and damned all over the country. Genet's fall from favor hurt its prestige, publisher Childs withdrew his support, and the yellow fever swept Philadelphia with death, dealing the final blow. The venture had never made money. The last issue, printed on a half sheet, appeared October 26, 1793.

Freneau went back to his New Jersey farm, defiant of Federalism, proud of his share in its partial destruction, sure he had

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participated in a great reform. Soon after, Jefferson also retired. A year later, Hamilton returned to the practice of law. The two great leaders, however, continued to exercise their influence; and party lines were drawn closer when Jefferson nearly won the presidency in 1796. Now John Adams led his country further from a democratic interpretation of the Constitution, into dangerous, despotic experiments — the Alien and Sedition Laws, which throttled the Republican press and opposition — and Jefferson's supporters formed solidly behind him, eyes on 1800.

At home on his farm in Monmouth, Freneau at last printed his country paper, the *Jersey Chronicle*, a literary echo of the *National Gazette*, still arguing vigorously for France and Republicanism, suspicious of Britain, the Jay Treaty, and Adams' love of display. In 1797, Freneau tried a New York publication, the *Time-Piece*, at first literary, but at the end another *National Gazette*. Pursued by creditors, the editor fled to Charleston, whence he returned with money for his debts. Again a farmer, he wrote political letters for the Philadelphia *Aurora*, now the leading democratic newspaper. In the heated campaign of 1800, his "Robert Slender" articles were effective Republican weapons. With the election of Jefferson, Freneau continued to defend his leader (under a pseudonym) in the Trenton *True American*.

When at last Thomas Jefferson became President and James Madison Secretary of State, these old friends tried to reward their sensational publicist — the man who supposedly had stopped the march of monarchism, who in fact had turned the tide of aristocratic rule. Very likely, in 1801, Freneau could have had a profitable sinecure in the new city of Washington. But neither Jefferson nor Madison, who had been his college roommate, really understood the poet or his persistent, lonely search for beauty, for an idealistic dream world that would never let him be content with less than the life of a free soul. And so Philip Freneau, first genuine American poet, returned to his first loves, poetry and the sea — to find, to his dismay, that he had lost much of his genius in the searing satires of the battle for Jefferson and republicanism. But he never stopped trying to recapture the talent that had told the beauties of Santa Cruz, the romance of

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the Indian forest, the magic of the sea and the tragic loveliness of the wild honeysuckle. For there, among the leveling powers of Nature, his deistic soul might still hope to find what he had always sought, the pure democracy.

And Jefferson? To the busy leader of an onward-marching party, absorbed in political strategy and visions of a great and expanding republic, what was Freneau? Jefferson too was a poet: his greatest poem was to be a peaceful, united, harmonious people. His love of nature, music and literature made him congenial to other poets; and to the one who was his translator for two years, he was an understanding mine of philosophy. But Freneau was too passionate and hasty to keep pace with the deliberate steps of his leader; he was too radical, too eager to advocate today what should wait for tomorrow. Jefferson must have seen his limitations. Yet he also recognized his talents, inspired their exercise to his own purposes, and was gratified with their smashing, dramatic effects. In his later years, he never mentioned the editor in his letters. The man who had "saved the Constitution from monarchy" became at last not even an impelling memory. But Jefferson knew the power of the press as few men have known it; and had he needed an editor again, he would have welcomed Freneau's return to democracy's front line. It is clear that he regarded Philip Freneau as an important aid in his plan to end the rule of the Federalists, frustrate monarchism and establish a stable American democratic state.

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Continuous Performance

Collister Hutchison

Go love without the help of anything on earth.
— WILLIAM BLAKE

Always peripheral to very love,
To the secret temple in the shadowy grove,
Nervously wasted worshipers lean
Toward an eight-foot kiss on a silverscreen.

And lady, lady, will you ever
Turn to face the river flowing,
Dare to turn and watch him going
Down to Camelot?
Lady, lady, not with shadows
Can essential heart be stricken,
Newly born and broken fully.
Yet, my lady, better truly
Never to have known
The deep and dangerous dimension,
If your seeing, if your loving,
Die in one bright figure moving
Toward importunate Camelot,
If remote, departing glory
Cannot help you to surmise
Who, likewise lost and wholly so in rapture,
Leads Lancelot, too,
And on what enterprise.

Hot little glances flicker and curl
Along the bright flanks of a glamourgirl,
But the spell holds fast and the trance is deep
Where a waiting goddess lies asleep.

◎ COLLISTER HUTCHISON'S poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Voices*, the *Nation*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and various anthologies. She is a teacher and an examiner of questioned documents.

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And lover, lover, will you ever
Dare to break the wall of fire,
With a greater flame than either
Her defense or your desire
Dare to waken god-begotten,
God-forsaken Beauty,
Uncompromising Child?
The burden though, the weight
Of unequivocal devotion — Oh,
Lover, it is grave to bear.
Be very strong, or
Kind at least, compassionate,
Leave her where
Unblossoming rock and sterile flame
Keep inviolate a dream
Unspent and still anonymous
(Integral dream is saved immortal so),
Where only the shadow of firelight plays
On a fallen shield and uplifted face.

Inarticulate and singular,
Hungers throng toward a celluloidstar
That glows by the fever of each separate pain,
And leaves them lonely, uneased again.

Dreamer, dreamer,
Blind no longer
To sidereal design,
Be truly starry,
Incandescent,
Shining, dying as you shine.
Vega seeks no answering fire,
Rigel no returning ray,
Living, dying, one in function,
Radiance the normal way.
Love is soul light.
Love is shining.
Dreamer, love your life away.
Nothing noble or unselfish
Turns Arcturus into gold,
And no unrequited glory
Could cause Sirius to withhold
A ray of splendor.
Love is shining.
Love is soul light.
Dreamer, love the starry way.

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Should the Scientists Resist Military Intrusion?

Louis N. Ridenour

◎ LOUIS N. RIDENOUR is professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania. During the War he was assistant director of the Radiation Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also served overseas as a radar adviser to the Army Air Forces.

The title of this article is pejorative, and suggests several conclusions which, under the present circumstances, are not altogether true. It suggests, first of all, that the Army and the Navy are interfering in a harmful way with the conduct of research in this country. It suggests that this "intrusion" is unwelcome to the scientists. Finally, it suggests that unless such "intrusion" is actively resisted by the scientists, it is bound to succeed; and that science will be harmed in consequence.

Each of these statements is partly true, which is to say that it is true today at some places, in some connections, and with reference to some institutions and individuals. But none of these statements is so generally true that it gives an adequate and fair picture of the present situation. To understand this remark, we must look carefully at the unprecedented circumstances which today govern the financial support of scientific research.

It is perfectly true that the major financial contribution to the support of scientific research has come during the past year, and presumably will come this year, from funds appropriated by Congress to the Army and Navy of the United States. The men charged

A word of explanation is in order with regard to the title of this forum. Since the editors of The American Scholar *had no desire to dictate the point of view which the contributors to this forum might take on the designated subject, we could not know in detail what verdict Dr. Ridenour or the others might render. In view of the opinions expressed by Dr. Ridenour in the leading article, the title might better have been "Are the Military Invading the Sciences?" However, the general title finally selected was intended to convey two ideas: Is there military intrusion? If so, should the scientists resist it? It will be apparent, both from Dr. Ridenour's article and from the comments of the other contributors, that our one purpose in throwing the Forum open to this question was to come as near to the truth as we could, by soliciting the opinions of those qualified who seemed likely to present dissimilar points of view. Some eight or ten contributions were solicited. This number included an even distribution between those whom we believed likely to reply in the affirmative and those likely to dissent. Some of our invitations, of course, were not accepted. We have printed all the replies submitted to us. (Editor)*

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with expending these funds to provide for the common defense have seen fit to apply a considerable fraction of them to the support of studies in science.

Exact figures are hard to come by, and are usually meaningless anyhow, since the definition of what is included in the term "scientific research" varies from one department of the Armed Services to another. Unofficial guesses have put the Army-sponsored research at $70,000,000 for 1946, and Navy research for the same period at $20,000,000. Both figures exclude research carried on in establishments operated directly by the Army or the Navy — such as the Naval Research Laboratory, or the great laboratories maintained by the Manhattan District. The present total is to be compared with the $30,000,000 available in 1940 for scientific research in all the universities of the country. The decline of the dollar notwithstanding, science has more money now than it had before the war; and the increase is wholly due to the backing that the Armed Services have seen fit to give.

Science is obtaining support from the Army and the Navy on so large a scale for several different reasons. First, many men in the Armed Services have an honest and enlightened belief in the importance of fundamental science to every activity of a technological civilization, including war. Many Navy and Army officers can give as good a pragmatic justification of free basic science as can any scientist. This justification derives, of course, from the familiar observation that engineering research, with its limited and foreseeable goals, by definition achieves only the obvious; while scientific research, having no goal but knowledge, every so often turns up a new discovery of overwhelming importance. Engineering research can give us a practical incandescent lamp, but the discovery of electromagnetic induction — on which the electrical age was founded — came from disinterested work in fundamental science. Engineering research will no doubt give us atomic engines for aircraft and ships; the discovery of nuclear fission, on which the atomic age will be based, was a product of fundamental research.

More than a hundred years ago, Michael Faraday is said to have replied to a member of parliament who asked him what *use* there was in his discovery of electromagnetic induction, "I don't know, but some day you'll be taxing it." Scientists have been making this sort of speech for a long time, to their fathers-in-law, to the heads of their universities, and to the prospective donors of research funds. It is something of a novelty to hear it from professional soldiers and sailors. But it is heard from such men today, and some of them believe it. A small but finite number of them really understand it, in the sense that they are able to distinguish between scientific research and engineering.

A second reason for the support of science by the Armed Services lies in their admiration for the success of professional scientists in their wartime role of weapon designers. Secretary Patterson has said that ninety per cent of the equipment with which our troops were supplied at the end of the War was new, in the sense that it had either been designed *de novo* or had been thoroughly redesigned more recently than our entry into the War. Much of this design work, including some of the most significant, was done by scientists transplanted into engineering by the necessities of war. Both Services have made considerable effort to add academic scientists to the staffs of their own laboratories and development centers. Further, both Services are contracting with certain universities for work which, though it is called scientific research, is directly and foreseeably related to the design of weapons. Work on electronics and on guided missiles, together accounting for nearly a quarter of the research expenditures of the Armed Services, fall into this category.

Third, the Armed Services quite justifiably feel that they are fulfilling a public responsibility in supporting disinterested scientific research with federal funds during the absence of legislation providing for a civilian agency to dispense such aid. In the discussion of such legislation in the last Congress, it was clear that general agreement had been reached on its desirability. Only the inability of its supporters to agree on administrative details prevented the actual passage of a bill. Under the circumstances, since the Army

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and the Navy can presently afford the expense, it seems appropriate that they should undertake the burden of federal support of research as a stopgap, pending the final creation of a civilian agency devoted to that purpose.

Does civilian scientific research need the large sums of money now reaching it through the Army and the Navy, and later to reach it through a National Science Foundation? The answer to this question is: for some things, yes; for others, no.

The last Nobel Prize in physics went to P. W. Bridgman of Harvard, a man who has for many years done superb research work on a modest budget, by himself, in the fine old nineteenth-century tradition of individual, independent and productive science. He happens to be at the richest American university, but the work he does could be readily supported by any academic institution in the country that had the wit not to overload him with teaching duties. It is a matter of indifference to work like Bridgman's whether or not substantial federal funds are available for research.

However, in 1939 the Nobel Prize in physics went to E. O. Lawrence, of the University of California. Lawrence is the archetype of the big-time research worker. His Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley employs hundreds of people, has the biggest atom-smashing machines in the world (and still bigger ones projected), and operates on a budget running into one or two million dollars a month. Before the present easy availability of federal funds, Lawrence was doing a good job of supporting his laboratory on the basis of university appropriations and grants from foundations and private donors, but this would be far more difficult today. Not only have the costs of research gone sky-high — because of the general rise in prices and because of the increasing ambition of physicists' plans — but the availability of private funds has steadily declined. It is of the utmost importance to research establishments of the Berkeley type that there be large sums of money continuously available for their upkeep. Such sums have recently been supplied by the Army and the Navy.

It has often been remarked that, in terms of scientific yield per dollar, establishments like Berkeley are not nearly so productive as are the small groups headed by a scientist of Bridgman's type. Until Rutherford's death, he and his group did more and better nuclear physics with string and wax than most American laboratories did with their cyclotrons and electrostatic machines. While this is true, it overlooks the fact that certain types of scientific work cannot be done at all without great expenditures and a large establishment. On the basis of what we know today, the particle named the meson — which may have the greatest importance in the still elusive theory of nuclear forces — can either be studied as it occurs randomly and uncontrolled as a constituent of cosmic radiation, or in a laboratory that has a device capable of giving to electrons an energy in excess of 200 million electron volts. The research advantages of being able to produce mesons under controlled conditions are so obvious that several universities are currently building giant electron accelerators at the expense of the Navy or the Army. Such a machine costs a substantial fraction of a million dollars; it would have been almost out of the question for a single institution to build one, supposing designs had then been available, in the years before the war.

The conclusion here is that big science needs big money; and that, while big science is not the only part of science, nor even, perhaps, the most important part of science, it is sufficiently important to justify the availability of a certain amount of big money during the years to come.

Let us now ask to what extent the Army and the Navy are "intruding" in the laboratory in the sense of interfering with the choice of subjects for research, or of interfering with the conduct of research. First of all, it should be noticed that there is no compulsion to accept the funds proffered by the Armed Services for research use. There can be no intrusion on a laboratory that accepts no such funds. This suggests that "intrusion" is too strong a word, which is the reason that it has so often been written here in quotation marks.

However, there is one possibility for an undesirable interaction between the men who

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disburse the Army and Navy research funds and the character and subject of the work so financed. I have a friend who is a band spectroscopist on the faculty of a large state university. He has been particularly interested in the band spectrum of the element nitrogen. He once said to me: "When the representatives of the state legislature visit me, I always tell them I'm trying to make better fertilizer." There is, to be sure, nitrogen in fertilizer, and knowledge is power. It is just conceivable that my friend's investigations of the band spectrum of nitrogen may some day affect the fertilizer industry in some unexpected way. But it is undeniable that his interest is in spectroscopy, in and of itself.

In a similar fashion, there is a certain temptation, when writing a project proposal for submission to the Army or the Navy, to point out some way in which the work to be done is related to a military or a naval problem. Not long ago I saw a draft for a research proposal containing budgeted expenditures of tens of millions of dollars per year, for the prosecution of fundamental work in the field of atomic energy. The first paragraph pointed out that atomic bombs as we know them today convert less than a tenth of one per cent of the reacting atomic explosive into energy, so that a very considerable improvement is still possible. This is the same kind of connection of a research program with a possible practical result that links band spectra with fertilizer.

My friend the spectroscopist has established, by his scientific achievement, that he is not a fertilizer engineer. But if genuinely valuable scientific work is to be done in the atomic energy establishment just mentioned, it must be done by men who are not interested at all in the efficiency of atomic bombs, but are interested in finding out how nature works. It is possible that the mention of atom-bomb efficiency in research proposals will lead either to an expectation on the part of the Army that this is what it is paying for in backing scientific research, or to a belief on the part of scientists that, having mentioned this, they must try to deliver. Either outcome might be unfortunate, for it might increase the emphasis on federal support of engineering at the expense of basic science. Particularly with the wartime hiatus in scientific work to make up, this would be an unwise long-term policy.

In my wartime experience, it sometimes seemed to me that the Navy was a much more sophisticated organization than the Army. Certainly the Navy's professions of intent with respect to support of basic science are, from the point of view of the scientist, entirely impeccable. The Office of Research and Inventions, predecessor of the present Office of Naval Research, issued a little booklet about its aims and methods. A few quotations from this will illustrate the fundamental soundness of the Navy attitude. "It is recognized that research cannot be purchased under standard specifications such as are used for material goods." Again, "Freedom from security classification in fundamental scientific work is necessary to its quality and progress. . . . It should be remembered that secret work is costly in time and money and is often of inferior quality." And again, "Research contracts are in the nature of partnership agreements, and offer the scientist freedom to initiate, explore, teach and publish in carrying out basic research for the Navy under the contract. It is believed that this procedure is one mutually beneficial to the civilian scientific fraternity and to the Navy, encouraging the scientist to conduct research in an atmosphere of scientific freedom and at the same time assuring the Navy that new knowledge is being created from which developments may later come to improve the Navy as a fighting machine."

Under such arrangements, I can see no reason for refusing the Navy's help — granted it is forthcoming — in doing the scientific work that one would have tried to accomplish even without such help. A very few scientists and some laymen have lately taken the position that to do anything in which the Armed Forces are interested is *ipso facto* reprehensible, even though the work involved may be important in a non-military context.*

* See, for example, Professor Wiener's letter on page 46 of the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1947.

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I cannot follow the reasoning back of such a belief, for it seems to me to yield many logical absurdities. Is it moral to pay federal taxes, when so large a fraction of the money so collected goes into maintaining the Armed Forces? And must one forego procreation? If a man begets children, and one of them is male, and there is a war, and this son is a soldier, sailor or airman, then he may kill others. It seems to me that the central point is this: when war becomes total, as it has done in our time, no useful thing can be accomplished without the risk — and even downright likelihood — that it will contribute to the effective prosecution of a war, if war there should be. The moral issue does not involve the technique or equipment with which a war is fought, but hinges on whether a war be fought at all. God told Moses not to kill; in no way did he indicate that one form of killing is less moral than another. This being so, those who hate war — and I am one of them — should concentrate on war, and forget about the tools.

Let us return from this digression to our proper subject. To what extent is Army and Navy support of scientific research unwelcome to the scientist? There seem to be three general attitudes among scientists on this point. The first is that just mentioned. In isolated instances, there are scientists who do not, on principle, wish to concern themselves with anything in which the Armed Forces profess to be interested. Not many institutions seem to take this view.

The largest category seems to include those institutions and individuals who, like me, have no objection to useful scientific work, even though it is for one reason or another interesting to the Armed Forces. Our concern is entirely whether this work can be done under such conditions that it will be useful for peaceful purposes: that is, done entirely without restrictions of secrecy. It cannot otherwise be viewed as an addition to man's knowledge, or even worthy of the name of science, since this comes from the verb *to know*. Secret work in peacetime seems particularly inappropriate when it is done in a university, whose major job is to disseminate knowledge.

Finally, there are a few institutions and a fair number of individuals who are quite willing to do their work under secrecy conditions almost as severe as those obtaining in time of war. This is sometimes regarded as immoral by men who confuse the rather minor matter of weapons design with the basic and tremendous immorality of war. There are others — cynics, perhaps — who applaud the fact that certain university laboratories are willing, for reasons of financial expediency or otherwise, to work behind a peacetime cloak of wartime secrecy on matters which can be investigated by any scientist anywhere. They say that the existence of such laboratories gives the rest of us an ever present reminder of how unwise it is to be seduced in this particular way. It is important to our final point to note that even here seduction is involved, not rape.

We must finally inquire whether the military "intrusion" into science will succeed to the extent of harming science, unless it is vigorously resisted by the scientists themselves. In my belief, this can hardly occur. For, if the military really dominates the management of a given scientific institution or the work of a given scientist, the urge for practical results will sooner or later turn the facilities of that establishment or the talents of that individual into engineering channels. Thus, although our national participation in science will have been reduced, science (which is international by definition) will have suffered little. In fact, since participation in such military engineering is optional to any institution or individual, only those scientists and research establishments having a predilection toward engineering work will take it up. Had they not been seduced by the military, they would almost surely have undertaken industrial engineering work sooner or later. This also would have removed them from participation in fundamental science.

Further, no active resistance is required of a scientist who wants to stay in science. He needs only avoid requesting any of the money that the Army and the Navy are currently so willing to provide him with. It seems quite needless, and even a little impolite, to inveigh against military support of technical work under such circumstances.

The danger with which the present situa-

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tion threatens science, then, is not so very great. It is that, despite proper intentions like those stated by the Navy, service funds may be wrongly parceled out, from the standpoint of scientific yield. This will happen if they are awarded on the basis of foreseeable results, instead of on the basis of the probity, competence and judgment of the scientists involved. Precisely this same danger will exist when a civilian agency distributes federal research funds, so that the Armed Services do not themselves create the hazard.

To the scientist who is determined to keep his freedom and to work in science — to men like Bridgman — there is no danger at all. Such a man will conduct his research on a careful budget, foregoing all funds that carry strings. Necessity being the mother of invention, such poverty has frequently put emphasis on thought, and brought better research work in the end.

Comments

Philip Morrison

Professor Ridenour has an enviable reputation for supple and ingenious writing. The piece before us here continues in that vein; it is as clear as it is wrong. There is in fact a large-scale and potentially disastrous intrusion of the military into American science; unless it is resisted by scientists and by the public as well (already the Secretaries of both War and Navy have publicly disclaimed any intention to continue the policy) it might well bring great harm not only to science but to all our hopes for peace.

It is not my intention here to attack the soundness of most of the sprightly contentions of Professor Ridenour's essay; they are mainly true. They are also nearly entirely beside the point. He has not discussed the problems before scientists today, but their shadows. His pictures are so sharp: of the reasonable men of the Office of Research and Invention entering into contracts with informed and wary university scientists, of the sturdily individualist follower of Bridgman remaining aloof from entangling grants, of the men enticed away from science to engineering being counted as no loss "because they would almost surely have undertaken industrial engineering work sooner or later." This is not the flesh-and-blood world of 1947, but a dreamy and lifeless model sounding like nothing so much as the Manchester economics of enlightened dealers in a free market. Is the problem so simple a one? Let me report on an experience of my own in the college town of Ithaca, N. Y.

The local newspaper carries a weekly page of photographs on some topic of the day. Some time ago we physicists were pleasantly surprised by the sight of a set of pictures about cosmic rays, the most dramatic branch of modern physics. A group of research workers at the University of Virginia were shown with their curious Geiger-counter telescopes climbing through the dark limestone caverns of their state to measure the penetration of these rays deep into the earth. This is a normal and not very expensive branch of cosmic ray research.

Now it happens that this group of workers is supported by Navy funds. The pictures and captions were evidently released by the tireless Navy public relations office.

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The captions were incredible. This was their burden: The rays were shown to be millions of times more powerful than those of the atomic bomb. The weapon of the future well could be the cosmic ray. Could we but bore a hole in the air to let them in on our hapless enemy, his rivers would boil to steam, his land scorch, and his body be ash in a second! Thus does American physics, supported by our Navy, advance the cause of science. I need not add that the penny-dreadful style compounded its crass inhumanity by being scientifically absurd. Sunburn would be many times deadlier than cosmic rays if the atmospheric blanket were magically removed. But too many people understand sunburn; its publicity value is low. Now, it is clear that the sophisticated officers of the ORI no less than Professor Beams understand that cosmic ray work is but fundamental science. But does the misinformed taxpayer in Ithaca? More, does the still less informed European who hears that our country spends a billion on military research — on the heels of the first use of the atomic bomb? The scientist and the Services are not the only parties to their contract: the terms are desperately important to every man everywhere, and he cannot read the fine print.

Plans are now under way to give generous military scholarships for students as well as publicity and research funds for science. What sort of competition will this provide for the men who choose to remain in free science? Not everyone, either, is a Nobel Laureate, or head of a laboratory. Many men and women are the rank-and-file workers in science from whose myriad bits of patiently carved mosaic the occasional great scientist assembles the picture of truth. How will such people stay out of the military ties, when their department heads are convinced of the needs for grants? And will the grants now made so intelligently and freely remain so when military budgets dwindle and results are wanted? Or will the commitments now undertaken when the strings are missing bind all but the most resolute at a time when restrictive conditions reappear?

Science is not apart from society. Its purpose, its results, and its people are part of the fabric of human life. We in America want and need peace. We cannot tie science to the military and hope to see it used for peace, no matter how ingeniously we write the contracts, nor how circumspect the men of good will remain. Moreover, science is in need of social aid. It must obtain that aid in the name and right of research, not masquerading as an arm of war. A strong science requires national acceptance and understanding. And in the world of peace we all so much long for, science must be again the pursuit of truth for all men, not for Americans alone. It cannot be so if it is narrow, national, secret; it cannot be so if it is regarded everywhere as but the zealous armorer of a new and more dreadful war.

The Congress is now about to consider legislation establishing a National Science Foundation, a federal agency which will grant scholarships and research funds in the name of science, not that of war. It is the duty of every reader of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR to acquaint himself with these measures and, if he is convinced of their soundness, to lend them his practical support.

◎ Assistant professor of physics at Cornell University and member of the National Administrative Committee, Federation of American Scientists, PHILIP MORRISON was a physicist with the Chicago and Los Alamos laboratories of the Manhattan Project from 1942 to 1946.

Vannevar Bush

The long tradition of freedom of knowledge is a characteristic of science to which Dr. Ridenour properly gives much emphasis in his analysis of the attitudes which he holds scientists may take toward government support of research. Inevitably, such emphasis tends to bring into disproportionate prominence the fact that some programs connected with the national defense must for the common good be conducted in secrecy, and to throw into correspondingly disproportionate obscurity the fact that — even under the

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temporary system whereby Federal money is channeled through the Armed Services — a very substantial part of the basic research thus financed is as free of restrictions as ever research has been. I quite agree with the general treatment of this important matter which Dr. Ridenour ably presents. The great point is not that there are dangers that research in this country may be placed on a false or unwise basis (there have always been such dangers); the great point is that if we fully recognize them we can surely avoid them.

As for the possibility that continuing use of public funds to support research might weight the balance too heavily on the applied research side, I believe that the availability of federal funds does not raise any new problem, although it certainly brings into relief an old one. If our scientific undertaking as a whole is to be of the maximum social value, effort must be properly distributed in the basic research which discovers new knowledge, and in the applied research which makes knowledge effective in controlling the environment and bettering the conditions of life. Scanting of either form through overemphasis on the other is obviously shortsighted. The interest of the scientist and the interest of the public are parallel here. During the wartime emergency, great emphasis on applied research was natural and proper. It should be noted, however, that that emphasis was a result of the war needs, not of the federal financing; it does not at all follow that federal financing in times of peace means a continuation of extra demands for applied research.

The greater significance of both the present interim function which the Services are ably performing, and the hard thinking which is being done on the formulation of legislation for a National Research Foundation, lies in two facts too often overlooked. These facts are that we are now in the process of recognizing, defining and establishing a clear relationship between government and science, as one of the major components of our civilization; and that this time we are carrying that process through with more consciousness of what we are about than we had, say, in developing a similar relationship between government and such other components of society as agriculture or the transportation industry. The phenomenon should be of profound interest to social scientists, for it seems to indicate not only that research — which we may here consider to be the deliberate application of intelligence to the increase of knowledge and to the control of the environment — is now recognized as a major concern of the people as a whole, but also that we as a nation have attained maturity in this regard.

◎ VANNEVAR BUSH, President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has been director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development since 1941, and is chairman of the Joint Research and Development Board.

Norbert Wiener

An article such as Professor Ridenour's may be written from several points of view. From one point of view, the word "should" applies to the scientist in his full duty as a scientist, a citizen and a responsible human being. From another point of view, the duties of a scientist are considered from the narrow point of view of what is called "professional ethics," in the sense of the code of conduct adopted by a profession for the minimization of internal friction, and the aggrandizement of its vested interests as far as they determine its attitude to the rest of the world, together with a certain modicum of pious respectability. This second standpoint is that of Mr. Petrillo, Dr. Fishbein, and, I gather, of Dr. Ridenour.

Dr. Ridenour, as an administrator of science, finds that "there is no compulsion to accept the funds proffered by the Armed Services for research use." As an older working scientist, I too have found no such compulsion, for I am in the position to refuse them and to choose my own problem. I wish I were able to say the same thing of my younger working colleagues. Their refusal to take a job handed to them by the Navy

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through their administrative superiors is much too frequently a refusal to eat.

Dr. Ridenour puts the public benefits of the improvement of the atomic bomb as a parallel undertaking to the study of nitrogen treated as an attempt to make better fertilizer. This public spirit may have a meaning after we have decided to push the civil uses of atomic energy ahead of the military uses. At present, our authorities have made exactly the opposite decision, and this excuse is sheer humbug.

The Navy may have the praiseworthy sentiments opposed to secret research which are attributed to it by Dr. Ridenour. I do not care to test them. If a piece of work done by me under Navy contract should prove to be directly applicable to the design of a new weapon, I should have to communicate it to some Navy authority, and in the natural course of events, I should expect a classification to be slapped down on it before I could say "Vannevar Bush." This is exactly the experience I had in 1940, before we entered the war, at the hands of a civilian organization engaged in war research.

The Armed Services are not fit almoners for education and science. They are run by men whose chief purpose in life is war, and to whom the absence of war, even though a war is almost certain to engulf them personally, is a frustration and a denial of the purpose of their existence. They are run by men who have been drilled into a highly specialized scheme of subordination and superordination. What makes a man a good soldier, generally makes him a bad scientist, and a totally unsuitable administrator of science.

The compartmentation of science which, for all Dr. Ridenour suggests, dominates most of Army-and-Navy-subsidized research, is fatal to the moral responsibility of the individual scientist. The one time at which he can effectively assert his moral judgment is, therefore, when he enters upon a program of service research.

Finally, to say, as Dr. Ridenour does, that "the moral issue does not involve the technique or equipment with which a war is fought," is completely specious. The purpose of war is only superficially to defeat the enemy. It is fundamentally to avoid a threat, or secure a prosperity, or express an indignation, or what you will. Under modern conditions, it leads to a loss to both sides, and it is only the excess of gain over loss, whether physically or morally, which marks its success, just as it is the excess of therapeutic action over toxicity that marks the value of a drug. A weapon which brings upon us the demoralization of the responsibility for needless and indiscriminate slaughter; a weapon which blackens our name in the eyes of the world; a weapon which gives the control of the entire destinies of our countries into the hands of a few people who know no control; a weapon which has no *riposte* other than the counter-slaughter of our civilian population; such a weapon is a bad weapon — technically, strategically and morally.

If our little boy is beset by bullies, we may teach him how to box, but we do not give him a razor to carry. This is partly because the razor is just as dangerous to him as to his assailants, and partly because there is such a thing as too great a violence in reply to an attack, as the criminal law knows very well. To give the atomic bomb to those who profess to be able to come to a decision as to whether to use it in no more than two weeks after its first trial, does not differ in its wisdom from putting a razor in the hands of a five-year-old child!

◎ NORBERT WIENER is professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In a letter published in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he refused to give technical information concerning controlled missiles to a scientist working for a great aircraft corporation.

Donald Young

The present commentator can do little more than agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Ridenour's dispassionate disposition of the bogey of military domination hovering over science in America. It may be in place,

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however, to suggest that Dr. Ridenour's limitation of his argument to the natural sciences is a function of his personal area of specialization. Each of his well-made points with regard to the natural sciences applies also to the social sciences.

Research in the social sciences, whether it be labeled economics, sociology, social psychology, political science or anthropology, is simply the objective analysis of some selected aspect of human relations. It is based on the assumption that human behavior is no more essentially capricious than that of the atom, and that it is consequently possible to gain more knowledge concerning social phenomena through the use of suitable objective techniques than through more casual and intuitive approaches. The military services obviously need such knowledge, both for the operation of their own enterprises and in planning their strategy and tactics. National security, as well as national welfare, requires sound knowledge of factors affecting human relations. That this is the case is well established by the large-scale utilization of social scientists by war agencies during and since World War II, and by current military support of social science research projects.

There is, however, even greater fear that social science research may be dangerously warped by military support than that natural science research may be misdirected or perverted. That there is real justification for this greater apprehension is obvious when one considers, first, that it is more difficult to be objective about the behavior of one's fellow men than about inert matter or even living tissue; second, that the behavior of people is perhaps the most complex of subjects for study; and, third, that the social sciences are the least mature of all the disciplines and still suffer from the handicaps of underdeveloped techniques and inadequate personnel. The antidote to this fear, of course, is not to avoid the issue but to spur the efforts of social scientists to meet the extra difficulties in their situation. One of the greatest obstacles to the sensible program of working harder in the social sciences because the tasks are more arduous, is that so many people retain confidence in the validity of their own notions about the resolution of problems of human relations, even in the face of contrary evidence. It is much easier for every man to regard himself as an expert in the social fields than in such fields as chemistry and physics, whose basic problems seem less familiar. Under the circumstances, it is natural to assume that military support of social science must mean a serious degree of military dominance of procedures and results.

A quick review of the more traditional sources of support for research in the social sciences may serve to weaken the belief in the inevitability of harmful military dominance of research financed by the Army and Navy. Most research in the social fields in the past has been subsidized in an indirect manner, for it has been in good part a leisure time activity, something in the nature of a luxury, carried on by professors in the hours not given to teaching and other university duties. Another form of subsidy by academic institutions has been the provision of material facilities, such as books, housing and computing machines, of whole or partial relief from teaching and administration, and of direct cash grants from the institutional budget. In an appreciable number of cases private individuals have given of their funds for specific research projects. Philanthropic foundations, of course, have long been a main reliance for the support of both large and small research enterprises. Another major source of support for research in the social sciences, which is commonly minimized if not overlooked, is government, both state and national. Although no conclusive data are available, it is probably accurate to say that down to World War II a larger proportion of social than of natural science research has had government support. Social scientists also have been accepting support directly from business and industry without serious criticism from their fellows because of the source of their finances. There seems to be no good reason to believe that academic boards of trustees, heavily weighted with non-scientific citizens; private individuals wealthy enough to subsidize research; business executives and men who control the expenditures of non-military governmental

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agencies are either more or less inclined than the military to "intrude" in the research which they support.

There is no source of funds for research in the social sciences which from one point of view or another cannot with some justice be called "tainted," if by that we mean that the laymen in control of finances have some personal concern about the nature of the findings in projects which they support. Such bias is not unknown in the natural science fields. But protection against bias of this kind is entirely possible. Money can be sterilized for research purposes in passing from one hand to another, if both parties to the transaction are truly interested in research. It is up to the research man to make certain that this is the case, or else refuse to be a party to the deal. That some men will yield to temptation and accept funds under conditions fatal for the maintenance of decent research standards may be taken for granted, but this is a matter of individual integrity and not dependent on any inherent difference between military and civilian auspices.

◎ DONALD YOUNG is executive director of the Social Science Research Council. He is on leave from the University of Pennsylvania, where he is a professor of sociology.

Seymour E. Harris

Professor Ridenour has written an eminently sensible paper. His theme seems to be that the military in making large funds available will help rather than hamper science; that scientific projects requiring gargantuan equipment (e.g., cyclotrons, giant electron accelerators) are no less important than those requiring the attention of great scientists working with modest resources (e.g., Rutherford, Bridgman); that those scientists who, by military grants, will be lured from pure science to participation in engineering projects, would probably have been tempted by industry in any case; that the squeamish reluctance incidentally to aid the military is not a rational basis for refusing to work on government-sponsored scientific projects.

Since Dr. Ridenour's position is reasonable and well balanced, the social scientist's contribution to the discussion of the military or government's relation to science is supplementary to, rather than critical of, his position.

Apparently the military contributed $90,000,000 in 1946 for scientific research — a figure to be compared with $30,000,000 available for all scientific research in all universities in 1940. Total expenditures for research of all kinds in 1940 were roughly estimated at $345,000,000 in the report to the President, *Science, the Endless Frontier:* industry, $234,000,000; government, $69,000,000; colleges and universities, $31,000,000; research institutions, $11,000,000.

Both military and total research expenditures are scandalously small. Here is a country that turns out 170 *billion* dollars' worth of goods in a year. An atomic war, or any kind of an ultra-modern war, is almost certain to be crippling and destructive — far beyond the millions killed or harmed physically or mentally, and far beyond the 350 billion cost of World War II to this country. Whether we will have to go through the agony of another war and whether we would win such a war will largely depend upon this race of scientists. The writer, anxious for peace with the U.S.S.R. and confident of our success in resolving our difficulties, would not classify himself as a red-baiter. I am, however, aware of a regrettable philosophy which has percolated to the masses and which serves to make one cautious. That philosophy suggests the inevitability of a dog fight with capitalistic nations; but the "inevitable" fight will not come off so long as it is clear to all that the U.S.S.R. is likely to lose. Until war is outlawed then, we must spend generously on science.

Professor Ridenour is then indeed right to poke fun at those who would not even incidentally help the military (cf. Mr. Wallace in the *New Republic*, February 3, 1947). Once the world has really outlawed war, then indeed the scientists may turn their

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backs on the military. With modern advances in warfare, the dollar spent on science becomes a much more valuable dollar than the dollar spent on ammunition or soldiers. How long will it take before the military realizes the new pattern of expenditures required by modern warfare? The optimum expenditures on science might well run into the tens of billions of dollars.

In spending billions for research, we might stave off war or, in case of war, save millions of lives, assure the salvation of at least part of our 500 billion-dollar plant and retain most, if not all, of the 150–250 billion dollars of annual income over the next twenty-five years. That we shall not spend so much is almost certain — and not merely because the issues are not adequately understood by the military and Congress. It will take years to train the required scientists, build the necessary laboratories, and convince the country that the concomitant budgetary deficits and deterioration of current living standards would be worth while. (Beyond a certain point, needless to say, training potential carpenters to become nuclear physicists or chemists will yield diminishing returns.) But even more important is the fact that the expenditures in dollars, in man power, in the way of life involved, in creating the required scientific machinery would be so great, that far short of the optimum level, we would simply call a halt. There are some terms under which we prefer not to live, or at least to forego security.

Government aid on a large scale for research in the pure sciences is on the way. Even a penny-pinching Congress, which will sacrifice security to save dollars, and trade unwise remission of taxes for votes, will not be able to stop the inevitable. It is certain that government will and must play a larger part — first because the privately endowed institutions and the private foundations, the main source of research funds for pure science in the past, are waging a losing fight. Inflationary pressures, declining rates of interest, increased taxes and the general weakening of the fabric of capitalism all militate against these private sponsors from maintaining their relative position. Universities may still earn 4 per cent on their investments; but the risk element is large and, therefore, part of the return is spurious — as the first big depression will reveal.

There is a second and perhaps more important reason for increased government participation; and this applies not only to research for military purposes, but even more for peace purposes. For many years the government has been spending funds on research — to improve the manner of spraying trees, to obtain better seeds, to discover the distribution of liquid assets, *et hoc genus omne*. The occasion is generally that private enterprise could not afford to spend this money, since the gains, inadequately protected by patents, accrue quite generally; or that the expenditures involved are so large that private enterprise could not mobilize the required resources or dare not risk expenditures on the required scale. The release of atomic energy dramatizes the research project too large for any business enterprise or conglomeration of enterprises to handle. It is a reminder that where the nation's gains are a multiple of the government's cost, and where there is no alternative to government sponsorship, a virgin field has been opened for government research. This is just another example of government spending for the public welfare, where the gains in national income or (and) human welfare may well greatly exceed the cost to the Treasury, and where in effect the Treasury's gains in revenue may well exceed the outlay.

Our final point relates to the draining of talent away from pure science. Here I fear that Dr. Ridenour is rather optimistic. In the present state of income distribution, in particular where a professor with $10,000 income receives after taxes the equivalent in goods of what $5,500 would have yielded in 1939, or one with a $6,000 income, the equivalent of less than $4,000, the temptation to desert pure science for a minimum standard of living is indeed irresistible for many. It is not enough to say they would have been tempted in any case. With more and bigger prizes offered under government aegis, "scientific prostitution" will grow. In the social sciences, where government or industry will pay young men two or three

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times what universities can afford, the migration has been serious. A large proportion of able young men in economics, for example, are now in government; and the drain to business of economists who have the "correct" views is not to be minimized. At a price, many able theorists become economic practitioners or defenders of private enterprise. (A large proportion would in any case have sought government or business careers and would have found the work and viewpoints congenial, but not all.) These losses are undoubtedly reduced, if not entirely recouped, by the response of talented young scientists, natural or social, to the increased funds made available. And the economic practitioner, or the engineer, also adds something to science.

A final suggestion. Would it not be an effective use of research dollars, from the viewpoints of both government (inclusive of the military) and science, if subsidies were paid to the best of the pure scientists, for the dual purpose of enabling them to continue their work and giving them the minimum amount of help for research assistance and laboratories. (I assume that the scarce resources are first-class pure scientists; and they above all should be saved for the most general and most important work.) In this manner, the contribution per Einstein, per Bridgman, etc., will be a maximum, and excessive diversions from pure science stopped. The great tragedy results when the potential Rutherford, Einstein, Curie, Rabi or Bridgman yields to economic pressures. Perhaps the National Science Foundation will discourage the wastage involved in transferring great talents from pure science to engineering.

◎ SEYMOUR HARRIS is professor of economics at Harvard University, managing editor of the *Review of Economic Statistics*, and author of numerous books on economics. His latest published work is *Inflation and the American Economy;* another, now under way, is *The National Debt and the New Economics.*

In the Summer Issue . . .

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR FORUM will present "Is This Education?" The contributors will include veterans working under the GI Bill of Rights and administrators dealing with the problem of veteran education.

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The Readers' Forum

CAN GOVERNMENT PRACTICE GOOD MEDICINE?

The Readers' Forum regularly carries comments by readers on the contents of the preceding American Scholar Forum. In the Summer number, for example, The Readers' Forum will contain letters about the debate in the current number on the question: "Should the Scientists Resist Military Intrusion?" All such communications should be addressed to: The Editor, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *5 East 44 Street, New York 17, N. Y., and should not exceed 300 words in length. Because of limitations of space, the editors cannot guarantee to print all such communications received. Letters intended for publication in the Summer number should be mailed before April 10. (Editor)*

An Alternative Proposal

If, as Dr. Solomon states, the government can practice good medicine, why the scandalous conditions in the Veterans' Hospital before the Bradley-Hawley regime? The recent improvement is due to the increased use of private physicians.

As to government medicine elsewhere in the world, it has been a poor type of medicine with neglect of prevention, increase of the duration of illness, and encouragement of malingering.

Dr. Woodruff made a sound point when he mentioned the glaring inadequacy of public health service. Nearly half our counties are without full time health departments, and some of the existing health departments are politically run. There is too much of a tendency today to stress quantity rather than quality of medical care. One does not obtain quality with bureaucratic regimentation, such as that proposed in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill.

Better distribution of medical care in the United States lies in the following:

1. Raise the economic level of the group which is now inadequately housed, clothed and fed, thereby removing the need for much medical care.

2. Increase public health facilities for sanitation and preventive medicine to cover the country, thus preventing much disease. The federal government can assist local areas unable to finance their own projects.

3. Expand hospital and diagnostic facilities to accommodate all. This will also attract physicians to areas now lacking them, and permit the practice of good medicine.

4. Expand voluntary hospital and medical care insurance, making both available to all who desire them. The government can pay the premiums of the indigent under a service contract giving complete medical coverage. Contracts for others may be on an indemnity basis and provide only limited coverage for surgery, obstetrics and in-hospital medical care.

5. Permit the veteran with service-connected disabilities to be cared for at home by his own physician. This will prove less ex-

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pensive and give better care than is possible in greatly expanded government facilities.

6. Develop a better coordination of the voluntary health agencies.

All these together will give better and more widely distributed medical care than any socialistic scheme, such as the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill.

Louis H. Bauer, M.D.
Hempstead, N. Y.

One Major Premise

The question "Can Government Practice Good Medicine?" is misleading as applied to the issues confronting us today. It implies State medicine, with all hospitals and medical facilities owned by government, and all doctors, nurses and other medical personnel employed by government. No such plan has been proposed. The question is rather "Should Government Assume Responsibility That Adequate Medical Care Be Available to All Citizens?"

The answer depends on one major premise. If one believes that the best medical care should go to those who can afford to buy it, and an inferior type of care, or no care, to those who cannot afford the price, one will oppose any fundamental change in the methods of distribution of medical care. If, however, one believes that everyone has a right to the best medical care, one is faced by the inescapable fact that large numbers of our citizens, not alone the indigent, are unable to purchase complete medical care. Quite aside from the unpredictability of medical expense and the staggering costs of major illnesses, modern scientific medicine has become too expensive for the average pocketbook.

It is now generally accepted that insurance against illness is a workable method to distribute the costs of medical care. Physicians claim that voluntary insurance plans will fill this need. Experience has proved that voluntary plans cannot cover more than a small segment of the population. All but a very few plans are expensive, and give very incomplete coverage. As far back as 1932, representatives of the American Medical Association who served on the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care reported that voluntary insurance is unsatisfactory. They went on to say: "If we must adopt in this country either of the methods tried out in Europe, the sensible and logical plan would be to adopt the method to which the European countries have come through experience — that is, a compulsory plan under government control."

Compulsory health insurance is a method of collecting funds through pay-roll deductions to pay for medical services. These services would be carried on much as they are today, but the financial barrier that prevents many from obtaining specialist, laboratory, surgical or hospital care would be removed.

Dr. Woodruff is wholly right in stressing the need for improving the quality of medical care. This must be a continuous effort, that can be developed under compulsory insurance by encouraging group practice. Mr. Bryan fears that hypochondriacs and persons seeking reassurance as to their health will overburden physicians under an insurance scheme. Are not hypochondriacs sick, and should we not encourage people to consult a doctor if they fear they are becoming ill?

Coverage, collection of premiums and minimum standards must be nationally administered in an insurance plan. Medical administration must be decentralized and adapted to local needs. Physicians can be free to practice as they deem best within the broad outline of the plan. Today the doctor is constantly hampered by the fact that the patient cannot afford many of the procedures needed to diagnose or treat an illness. The doctor is the unofficial tax collector or insurance company; he overcharges the wealthy and the middle classes to be enabled to offer free or cut-rate service to the poor. Under health insurance the doctor, relieved of his role of business man, can devote his whole time to ministering to the sick.

All students of the subject agree that good medical service can be made freely available only by group medical practice reimbursed by a prepayment plan.

Ernst P. Boas, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

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What Government Has Done and Can Do

Certain comments on the American Scholar Forum, "Can Government Practice Good Medicine?" in your Winter number occur to me.

The answer to Dr. Woodruff's accurate description of the shortcomings in American medicine is more funds. I believe these funds can only be raised by compulsion. Government alone can exert compulsion, and therefore to provide the means to practice good medicine governmental aid is needed.

With adequate facilities and a sufficient number of properly trained physicians, can government practice good medicine? Dr. Solomon shows that government is already in the practice of medicine with the limited resources available. The government's activities in the practice of medicine have been steadily expanding over the years, so that for some of the population today government offers comprehensive medical care — for example, in the care of veterans. The best argument that government practice of medicine is good rests on the fact that no concerted action has been made to take away from government any of the steadily expanding practice of medicine which government has assumed.

Mr. Bryan still tries to separate public health medicine from the practice of medicine. It is now generally conceded that you cannot separate the individual health from the public health, and as time goes on this false barrier between the two breaks down more and more.

Medicine as practiced by the United States Public Health Service is of an exceedingly high quality, and I believe the same high quality will persist as government extends further into the practice of medicine. Today the control of specialists' activities in the Veterans Bureau by government surpasses the control of specialism by the rules of organized medicine in voluntary insurance medical care plans. This is an important factor in elevating the quality of care, and is an example of what we may expect from lay participation in the delivery of medical care.

Mr. Bryan unfortunately builds up a case against the practice of medicine by government on the basis that doctors are dishonest and patients chiselers. I have faith in the honesty of the medical profession and the people as a whole.

Channing Frothingham, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

The Social Perspective

Voltaire asserts that "Nothing is so irresistible as an idea whose time has come." One of the irresistible ideas of modern times is the idea of equality of opportunity for enjoyment of those particular rights, privileges, goods or services which a given society considers necessary to the good life. The egalitarian ideal, whether we like it or not, is beginning to make itself felt in such varied areas of personal service as intellectual opportunity (subsidized education), "equal justice under law" (judicial reform), and medical care (public medicine).

The problem discussed by Doctors Solomon and Woodruff and Mr. Bryan has not been put in its real social perspective by any of them — it is not a matter of medical organization and administration, but of social development. Society is beginning to demand security of health as well as security of sustenance, and for this reason medicine may not be able to prevent modification of its economic and political environment.

It is to be hoped that extension of medical care will combine free choice and free exercise of discretion with equality of opportunity. These characteristics are not mutually exclusive, as Mr. Bryan suggests. They are, however, representative of the two horns of the great dilemma of modern society — the apparent irreconcilability of liberty and equality.

Mr. Bryan resigns from the attempt to solve this problem and falls back upon the idea of liberty, offering the status quo in government in justification of the status quo in medicine. Government can practice good medicine, and we can have the ideal government which Mr. Bryan denies, but not if we forsake the ideal and refuse to face the problems which it poses. It is the duty and re-

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sponsibility of medicine to work for liberty with equality in government so that equality may be combined with liberty in medicine. This reconciliation of liberty with equality is the challenge faced by society in all aspects of its organization, and the medical profession must accept and meet the challenge if free medicine is to survive.

Cornelius Willet Gillam

Professor of Economics, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

Confusion, Emotion and Prejudice

The forum of the American Scholar on compulsory health insurance has the same remarkable quality as most debates on this topic, in that neither the title nor the text has much to do with the subject of the discussion. The title "Can Government Practice Good Medicine?" would be appropriate for a field in which the government plans to practice medicine, as is now done under the Veterans Administration. Yet the subject of the discussion is a totally different topic: compulsory federal health insurance. All three of the participants placidly accept the title as a basis for the discussion, as if health insurance were synonymous with the practice of medicine. No such assumption has been made in the case of private health insurance, for instance, Associated Hospital Service.

Even Dr. Solomon, the proponent of federal health insurance, accepts the title and its implications. Mr. Bryan exploits it under the subtitle "The Need For a Free Profession." Yet the chief object of federal health insurance is freedom — to release the medical profession and the public from the financial restrictions which prevent a wide distribution of good medical care. No one of the three participants devotes a line to the question whether or not governmental health insurance involves the government in the practice of medicine, and only Mr. Bryan concedes that there is in fact a difference between the two widely divergent systems, governmental insurance and governmental medicine. All three participants set up a straw man, and then proceed to bolster him up, or to knock him down, according to their individual convictions.

The title would also be open to serious objection, even if it reflected the subject matter. It prejudices the discussion in advance because of its emotional connotation. The title "Can Government Practice Good Medicine?" appeals to our traditional prejudice against the participation of government in any activity which was formerly the prerogative of private individuals or organizations. The question in the above form would be rejected instantly by any reputable organization for the study of public opinion.

Dr. Solomon's excellent presentation of federal health insurance is weakened by his uncritical acceptance of the title. Dr. Woodruff presents an admirable exposition of defects in contemporary medical care under the subtitle "Adequate Medical Care for the Community." However, his abrupt transition to a statement opposing federal health insurance is a *non sequitur*. It is a reversal of the usual argument of organized medicine, to the effect that, since American Medicine (in capitals) is the best in the world, nothing should be done to make it easily available to the whole population. Dr. Woodruff contends that the federal government should limit itself to a patchwork of grants-in-aid.

Mr. Bryan's paper is disappointing to me because I admire his work at the Medical Society of the County of New York. He follows closely the official party line of organized medicine. Contrary to his statement, no legislative proposal has been made, or is it at all likely in the future, by which "the federal government would take over medicine — lock, stock and barrel." "Uncle Sam, M. D." is not only a figure of speech, it is also a figure of the imagination. The "demonstrated incapacities" of the federal government have not been demonstrated; this phrase belongs in a political campaign. Problems of medical care cannot be solved by political slogans. The dire predictions to which Mr. Bryan devotes a good half of his article illustrates the principle that thinking stops when this type of prediction begins.

Mr. Bryan, like Dr. Solomon, properly emphasizes the need for decentralization,

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which is inherent in any plan for health insurance, but gives no evidence on the question of whether or not the federal government is capable of such decentralization. Many examples of overcentralization can be cited at the state and local levels, whether in governmental or private organizations. Decentralization depends on the administrative setup and practice, and above all on the intent of the organization concerned, whether national or local, private or governmental. At the federal level decentralization depends on the legislative provisions of the Act, and on the personnel selected to administer it.

Mr. Bryan's statement that "the universal tendency of compulsory health insurance . . . is to increase the incidence of sickness" is pure fantasy. Scarcely more substantial is the passage in which he refers to "the excessive demands of insured hypochondriacs, insured malingerers and insured people of all kinds merely seeking reassurance." Attitudes like this in a doctor would not be compatible with the practice of medicine. I doubt very much whether most doctors are as obtuse about psychological problems as this quotation would imply. Also, why the phrase "merely seeking reassurance"? What is so mere about it? Why not give the reassurance when it will do some good, instead of waiting for the development of organic disease? The way to treat such patients is to listen to what they have to say, to give them the attention which they require, and to tell them to come back when they need it. In a wide experience with a variety of patients, I recall none who have abused this privilege. The difficulty is rather to induce them to come back when they need it.

I should also like to take issue with Mr. Bryan when he implies that the doctor is primarily influenced in his care of the patient by financial motives, or that for similar reasons he wishes to rid himself of the responsibility and the burden of care. When such statements are true, they can be traced to insecurity on the part of the doctor, usually financial insecurity. If the doctor does not want these responsibilities, there is no law to make him enter the practice of medicine in the first place.

There are many reasons, in addition to those stated above, why discussions of federal health insurance are unsatisfactory. This topic is heavily charged with emotion, and is involved with political controversy. In addition, the propaganda with which the country has been flooded by affiliates of organized medicine have substituted emotion for objective thinking, and still further confused the issue. It is not difficult to see why the Forum of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR falls short in many respects of the objectivity of scientific thinking.

H. B. Richardson, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

Rationed Quality

Being a member of the Monticello (N. Y.) High School debate team, I was advised by my father to read the Forum in your Winter issue about compulsory health insurance. As it is this year's debating topic, the articles proved of great value to me. I noticed your request for comments, and am writing you with the hope that you might find some interest in a high school student's reaction.

Much data was found in the articles that can be added to our debate team's case. However, there is one point of paramount importance that our debaters use to great advantage which was not emphasized in the Forum. It is another cause leading to the deterioration of medical care so effectively brought out by Mr. Bryan and Dr. Woodruff. If the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill were enacted into law, it would enable some 110 million people (this is Senator Wagner's estimate) to receive free medical care. Almost all these people will want to "get their taxes' worth" and will rush to doctors for trivialities not necessitating a visit to the doctor under the fee-for-service system. This sudden increase of patients and annual trips to the doctor, which is an effect of a compulsory health insurance law, would result in the curtailment of time now allotted each patient. A now busy medical profession could not increase overnight in proportion to the number of patients.

This combination of circumstances —

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more patients, more annual medical visits, innumerable forms to be filled out, with no immediate increase in the number of doctors — must lead to one inevitable result, a rationed and degraded quality of medical care which would not justify the passage of a compulsory health insurance law. Its laudable objectives are far overshadowed by the impracticability of the plan.

Myron J. Wiess
Monticello, N. Y.

Practical Cost Difficulties

This forum discussion on a very current topic, commonly called "socialized medicine," covers, among the three men who write on this subject, a very large number of aspects of having the federal government get into medical care. I find two or three things lacking — largely in the area of insurance:

1. One aspect of insurance, whether we are dealing with death, morbidity or any other risk, is that insurance is a method of sharing, such that the impact of the cost of catastrophes is widely distributed among large numbers of individuals, and also for each individual over time. Thus, the growingly familiar Blue Cross nonprofit hospitalization indicates that less than 10 per cent of those insured draw benefits within a given year, and that over 90 per cent of those insured draw no benefits. Thus, year by year, a large majority of the lives insured for hospitalization would have had no expenditure, but due to insurance have a definite expense which would not otherwise have entered their budget. In temporary disability programs it may be closer to one-third, or one-half of the insured persons that collect benefits and the other two-thirds, or one-half, would have had no expenditures in behalf of this protection had they been self-insured. I find this a fully pertinent aspect of medical care also. In the figures which are quoted a good deal, an average per capita expenditure for medical care of only 3 per cent to 5 per cent of one's earnings represents a rather interesting frequency distribution of expenses, with a minority of the population having large or financially crippling expenditures, and a majority of the population having relatively small and easily borne expenditures for medical expense. If insurance is used, then the majority of the citizens will find their expenditures increased over what they have been accustomed to pay out.

2. The substitution of adequate for inadequate medical care: Back of almost all the demands for federal handling of medical care lies the social consciousness that large groups of people are not getting the full advantage of our existing system of doctors, nurses, dentists and pharmaceutical supplies. The proponents of this type of health insurance do not desire merely the spreading of existing expenditures more evenly among all the people, but a considerable increase in the expenditures for medical care on the part of fairly sizable portions of our citizenship. This correction of under-servicing is quite a different thing from the further suggestion made by Mr. Bryan that when people pay money for a contingent benefit and that benefit is reinsured in such a way that they feel little personal responsibility for meeting the cost, there is a tendency to get one's money's worth. This has been particularly noteworthy when one of the supplemental benefits in addition to the pay envelope represents a given number of days of sick leave. There is a tendency for these days to move from a contingent right to an actual right, and since this is part of the compensation for a given job this seems in many cases a justified demand that each individual shall get that type of vacation.

There is a new aspect of getting one's money's worth, that recently collective bargaining has been entering the area where the demands are specifically for this type of benefit, and in making these demands it must be recognized from the outset that the cost outlay is very problematical, depending upon the blurred definitions and depending, further, upon administration.

3. As an actuary, consulted from time to time on costs of various insurance programs, I have been impressed with the tendency for

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a lag to appear in further use of a new insurance program — a lag which results from two quite different features of an insured plan:

a. The first feature is the elimination of all existing beneficiaries at the outset of the program because they have not contributed for a given length of time before qualifying for benefits.

b. The consequence of (a) that early costs are reassuringly low, so that the administration tends to liberalize definitions under the mistaken impression that the early experience can be regarded as typical. The hazard in the insuring of so-called permanent total disability benefits by the life insurance companies was such that in the group insurance area claim rates in the early periods of a new type of insurance were one-tenth as high as they were when in an economic depression the claim rates were compounded of the wearing off of lag, court liberalizations of definition, and the full intent by both employees and employers to use the benefits in a time of financial necessity.

Therefore, because of these various cost-accounting points of view I should say that the problem of government in the furnishing of medicine will also lead into some practical cost difficulties which ought to be more thoroughly canvassed before legislation is enacted.

W. Rulon Williamson, Actuary
Washington, D. C.

Government Must Provide

In any discussion of the problem of the governmental role in medical care, it is essential to remember that such care is, by its very nature, a necessity item in the individual budget. In actuality, it is priced as a luxury item, and a devastatingly expensive luxury at that.

Mr. Bryan and Dr. Woodruff, in their discussions, followed the path of "obstructionism" which is so characteristic of the course followed by organized medicine in handling the problem of adequate medical care for the whole population. No one will disagree with the fact that the over-all quality of medical practice in this country must improve. It must also be fully realized, however, that the highest quality medical care is a liability to the nation unless the *entire* population benefits by it.

The average yearly income of the so-called middle class family is not over $2,800. The present costs for hospitalization, clinical and laboratory tests, and visits to the doctor make it impossible for such a family to purchase adequate care during illness. If adequate care is purchased, the family finds itself in debt for the rest of its life.

The low-paid middle class must have adequate medical care at a price within their reach. If organized medicine will not arrange for it, government must, or fail in its duty to the citizens. The favorite, patronizing slur, "medical indigent," has no place in American society. The price of medical care must be within the reach of every salary group.

Medical care in the Army has been a favorite object of jibes from various directions. The facts indicate that the over-all accomplishments of army medicine were superb. Few persons realize that the finest of obstetrical care was provided the wives of service men *in army hospitals by medical officers*. I know that my wife was "spoiled" by the thorough, highly organized care she was given in an army hospital during her first confinement. The slovenly, disinterested care she recently received (during her second confinement) in a civilian hospital from a civilian doctor and staff at a stiff price was a distinct shock.

Medical care must be provided for all. The only practical method is to have the government arrange the economic aspects, leaving the purely professional matters under control of the medical men. The plea that we must "experiment" further with other methods is invalid. Organized medicine has had ample time to experiment (for the poor we have always had with us) but has offered no plan. Consequently, government must provide.

Charles G. Wilber
Assistant Professor of Physiology, Fordham University, New York, N. Y.

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The Scientific Approach

Inconsistencies frequently characterize the arguments of enthusiasts for or against a government system of medical care. A typical illustration of this are the arguments of Dr. Cyril Solomon, whose dissertation "Government Can Practice Good Medicine" appeared in the Winter issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. At one point he assures us that medicine has become "too big, too specialized, too mechanized for one man to contain within himself all that is needed to treat the patient satisfactorily." The logical development therefore, he says, is for physicians to practice in groups subsidized by the government. Toward the end of his article, however, he argues that in the event the government takes over, the general practitioner "will assume his rightful role" in relation to the specialist. It will be that of "the President to his cabinet." In other words, the general practitioner will decide what the patient needs in the way of specialist services. Obviously, these points of view are not compatible.

Dr. Solomon speaks of the "efficient extension of medical care which is needed," assuring us that "it must come through the Government." Then he goes on to say that in every country where "universal medical insurance plans" have been in force, the coverage has been broadened. He makes no comment on the quality of the services provided in these countries, which even ardent proponents of government medicine believe leaves much to be desired. The need for improving the quality of medical service in this country he dismisses with one brief sentence.

Dr. I. Ogden Woodruff emphasizes throughout his contribution to the discussion the need for improving the quality of medical service in this country, even as that service now exists. I agree with Mr. James E. Bryan, the other participant in the Forum, that Dr. Woodruff's contentions, sound though they are, are often used to justify the position that nothing need be done. But Dr. Woodruff does not take this position. Rather, he says, whatever we do, the quality of medical service must be maintained at a high level.

One might direct attention to other inconsistencies in Dr. Solomon's arguments. However, on one point I am sure Dr. Woodruff and Mr. Bryan will agree with him: "No one method," Dr. Solomon says, "can be either salvation or perdition. All methods should be subject to change. Without it, there can be no progress." This is the sound and scientific approach.

It is surprising that any physician should advocate a federal system of medical care on the basis of the limited experience which this country has had with its most controversial feature, sickness insurance. Of course, much has been learned from the experiences abroad, but none of the systems now in existence in Europe or elsewhere would be acceptable to our people, nor are they adaptable to conditions in this country.

As Mr. Bryan has pointed out, there are numerous experiments with voluntary sickness insurance plans now in progress throughout the nation. There should be ample opportunity to determine their soundness, medically and scientifically, before they are accepted or rejected.

I am one of those who believes it is not possible or desirable to maintain the status quo. But I have equally little confidence in those who would jeopardize the present standards of medical care in this country by discarding the private practice system until, by careful scientific experiments, such a radical step has been conclusively shown to be desirable. When that has been demonstrated, the medical profession will be in the vanguard of those who seek change.

Theodore Wiprud
Secretary, The Medical Society of the District of Columbia
Washington, D. C.

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UNDER WHATEVER SKY

Irwin Edman

Philosophy of the Swinging Pendulum

Things must seem normal again in many minds and in many households that have been living in an alien world since the thirties. The Republicans dominate Capitol Hill; the cry of "free enterprise" rises from the hills and the meadows — not to add, from the steel mills and chain stores of the land. The swing of the pendulum is relatively noiseless, but there are those who allege now that they can hear it plainly.

The philosophy of the swinging pendulum has now become rife. "The dialectic of history," Hegel once called it; and once it was called action and reaction. It is a comfortable notion, and one that may even lead to a pleasantly smug relaxation. Even those of us who cherish a few doubts about *laissez faire* can sit back now smugly, too, and await the *next* swing of the pendulum. Someday, say in another twelve years, there will be a new dispensation again. Who knows — even a new New Deal.

The pendulum swing is comfortable in the arts, too. Is there a movement toward abstraction in painting, and melody-less harmonies and harmony-less discords in music? Well, we who have lived long enough say to ourselves, "Just another ten or fifteen years now." Already one begins to notice in painting the re-intrusion of themes and subject matter, and some of the most fanatically cerebral composers are lapsing into the comforting vulgarity of tunes again. Is poetry too crabbed and unintelligible? Softly, softly — wait but a little. The tintinnabulation of silver bells is beginning to stir again, and poets who have been beating themselves on the head in the hope of having something brainy and geometric occur to them are beginning to speak with feeling again; one ought not to be surprised that any day now one of them will have somewhat to say that comes straight from the heart.

I should like to believe in the philosophy of the swinging pendulum, the dialectic of history, the inevitability of action and reaction. But on reflection, I do not think I do. I believe if the Bourbons were restored, even they would have learned a little and perhaps, blessedly, forgotten a little. Even the Ancien Regime, if restored, would, I am sure, be a little less Ancien and a little more Moderne. I notice the Republicans are keeping a few controls; and even in music those who return to the eighteenth century, return with some twentieth-century tone colors and orchestral techniques. There is an old ritual dance in Luxembourg which is two steps forward and one backward. Time, falteringly, marches on.

Portrait of a Lady

"I am," said the great lady, "terribly excited about Existentialism. Of course," she added, "I don't quite know what it is." And she sighed. "I have done the best I can. I have read two articles in two different little reviews. I have forced my nephew, who is a graduate student in philosophy, to explain it to me, though the poor boy is frightfully addicted to long words. I have seen Sartre's play, *No Exit*, which really has a very unpleasant set of characters in it. They are, as I understand it, in Hell, and I suppose one should not look for the best society there.

"I confess I am somewhat confused. It all goes back, apparently, to Kierkegaard, but

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there is some Nietzsche in it, too, and Pascal. I wish *Time* would sum it all up some week. They have a wonderful gift for making things clear and simple and brief, and they seem to know everything.

"The awful thing is, one wastes so much time on these things. Just as one is getting it straight in one's mind, the whole thing's gone out. I bought eight books on technocracy the season everybody was talking about that, and they still clutter up the limited book space in a New York apartment. And no one seems to talk about Gestalt psychology any more. Sometimes I think the intellectual life just isn't worth the trouble. By the way, what *is* Existentialism?"

I told the great lady simply to wait serenely for six months, and the bother of asking the question, or even listening to the answer, would be spared her.

Brave New Busses

New York cannot be the only city which has a proud sense of being in the vanguard of civilization on no more profound grounds than that busses have been substituted for street cars. Like all instances of progress, the celebration of the new accents the access of new virtues and amenities in our lives. The old-fashioned street car moved in a stultified way along a perfectly straight line, which was satisfactory only to stodgy reactionaries who could, undisturbed, read stultifying editorials in unprogressive newspapers. The street cars, too, exhibited only what Thorstein Veblen called "conspicuous waste." There was, relatively, a great deal of room in them. Some ancient citizens even remember the day when there was the vulgarly aristocratic service of having a separate man to collect one's fare after one was comfortably seated, not standing in a drafty doorway.

The busses doubtless are fine for keeping one pleasantly on the alert and on the qui vive. One keeps young, one must keep young to stand the wear and tear of being hurtled about in the zigzag foray of busses among the trucks and taxis. The busses, it is sometimes pointed out, too, are quieter and therefore infinitely more efficient as silent instruments of destruction. They can sneak up on pedestrians without the diffident waste motion of a warning. One of the songs which (as the gossip columnists say) my spies inform me is far up on the hit parade is one that has the touching lines:

> He made the whole world brighter
> Wherever he would go
> The old lamplighter
> Of long, long ago

This year the lamplighter; last year there was a song celebrating the trolley car. I myself recall my first definite feeling against progress. It was when the soft glow of the old Welsbach gas mantle was replaced by the hideous, concentration-camp glare of the electric bulb. I think there ought to be court orders "to show cause" when any progressive movement is attempted or proposed. For instance, there are people who are actually suggesting that we substitute something for the nice, cosy, comfortable chaos of present civilization. World government! United Nations! Well, all I can say is, that isn't the sweet, familiar world of street cars, gas lamps, wars and depressions in which I grew up. The gas lamp and the street car are disappearing, but at least there is still violence, even in times of peace; want in times of plenty; prejudice in educated circles. I imagine progress won't be quite universal in my lifetime.

Whose Contemporaries?

"I know," I said to the young man, "this is not the general opinion of your contemporaries."

"But aren't we all contemporaries?" he replied with uncalculated gallantry. And I began to reflect on who one's contemporaries really are. I know the best and the noblest theory on the subject, for I have been reading Emerson (Emerson on Plato). I know well enough that I am the contemporary of all men or of all kindred spirits in any age. I realize that Aeschylus and Dante speak to me across the centuries and, insofar as I am able to become one with their intention, they and I inhabit the same timeless moment.

Also, of late I have been reading some historical works, as for instance *The Age of*

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Jackson by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. With help I have seen the parallels with the New Deal which (*eheu, fugaces!*) is now also in the past. Cicero's "On the Commonwealth," too, recently reread, reminds me that, in form and essence, historical periods are often twin brothers, if not identical twins.

But a University teacher, perhaps, is more prompted than other people to wonder who are his contemporaries in living fact, who are his immediate temporal brothers. If one loves the young, one flatters oneself that one's students are one's contemporaries. "In a university," Alfred North Whitehead once remarked, "a man's subject keeps his mind alive; his students keep his imagination alive." At their best, they remind one that this is always a young world, and that there are ideas, even old ones, that are perpetually fresh. Once in a great while they remind older people that there are new ideas, even this late.

I have noticed in talking with my juniors that when the conversation runs to the nature of poetry or criticism, or Platonic ideas, it hardly enters into anyone's awareness that one interlocutor is fifty, the other twenty. But about more recent matters, including more recent books, the difference is serious. The young look back on Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, when they do not look down on them. The middle-aged grew up with them, saw them flower into genius and fame.

When the talk between older and young men turns to talk of the future, the realized difference is even more serious. I find myself beginning to muse on what the world will be a generation from now, and two sobering reflections come into my mind. This younger contemporary before me will be a temporal brother, too, of that world a generation from now, and I, who am, in some measure at least, his contemporary, will not be contemporary with him and that world to come. But it is pleasant to think that on a few matters, and those the most winning and serious, the young and old can be contemporaries together.

And Yet Again — Town Versus Country

Though the issue of town versus country was discussed by Plato in Athens and Horace in Rome, the theme was of sufficiently timely importance to merit a national discussion by radio on the "Town Meeting of the Air." The debate was, I take it, evoked by Mr. Granville Hicks's suggestive little book called *Small Town*. Various hands, all literate, took part; and, with a few variations, the arguments were such as might have been thought of, and indeed had been thought of, long ago in Greece and Rome. A piece of verse by Franklin P. Adams haunts my memory these many years:

> In summer I long for the winter
> With concerts in Carnegie Hall,
> In winter I long for the summer
> When there aren't any concerts at all.

The celebration of country life most often comes from the sophisticated, literary and urban-minded. The joys of city life are as often noted by people nicely settled in the country! I have no desire to enter into the old argument, except to note the ancient suggestion that it would be agreeable to have the best features of each, which some of my friends manage to do by means of weekends. It may almost be said that civilization is coming to be the civilization of the weekend — a state of ambiguity when one is at home neither in the country nor the city. But perhaps the flavor of the old argument for the city can be expressed by two images. There is a wonderful quietude about a city weekend in spring, when there is at once a rural peace and urban amenity. I am, on the other hand, reminded of the very urban friend of mine to whom I once said I was going to the country. He said amiably, "Well, have a good time, and kick a tree for me!"

The division of opinion will go on until the peril of the atomic bomb forces us all into the country. Or perhaps fear of what the atomic bomb may do to end city life will finally lead to doing something serious about controlling the atomic bomb.

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The Revolving Bookstand

Experiment and Post-Experiment

Louise Bogan

A Season in Hell (*Une Saison en Enfer*), by Arthur Rimbaud. A new English translation by Louise Varèse, with a Rimbaud chronology prepared by H. Creekmore. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $1.00.

Prose Poems from The Illuminations, by Arthur Rimbaud. Translated by Louise Varèse. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $1.50.

Guillaume Apollinaire: Choix de Poésies, with an introduction by C. M. Bowra. London: Horizon. 10s. 6d.

Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares (*Jeunes Cerisiers Garantis contre les Lièvres*), by André Breton. Translated by Edouard Roditi, with a cover by Marcel Duchamp and illustrations by Arshile Gorky. New York, London and Paris: View Editions: A. Zwemmer. $3.75.

New Directions: No. 9, edited by James Laughlin. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $3.75.

The Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein, edited and with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Random House. $3.50.

Esthétique du Mal, by Wallace Stevens. Cummington, Massachusetts: The Cummington Press. $5.00.

The Selected Writings of Dylan Thomas, with an introduction by John L. Sweeney. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions. $3.50.

The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. $3.75.

Lord Weary's Castle, by Robert Lowell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2.50.

◎ For the past fifteen years LOUISE BOGAN has been poetry reviewer for the *New Yorker* and has written criticism for the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, *Partisan Review*, *Poetry* and other journals. Miss Bogan has published four books of verse since 1923. In 1944 she became a fellow in American letters of the Library of Congress, and held the position there of consultant in poetry in English during 1945–46.

Two questions come to mind as one examines the state of literature in general and of poetry in particular in this period just after the end of a war. New attitudes, new energy and new material will soon appear, one can predict with some certainty. While waiting for their appearance it is important to cast appraising glances upon the sort of poetry that has recently been published. Is it true, for example, that we are even now in "an epoch of great spiritual renewal at the brink of the decline of a world"? And is it also true that literary experiment, as it has existed in France since Rimbaud, and in England and America for the last thirty-five years or more, is now at a point of exhaustion, capable only of repetition, emptiness and dullness?

Let us examine the second of these questions. It is necessary to look back to the source of literary experiment: France in the early nineteenth century, where, because of continued social and political ferments that were suppressed in post-Napoleonic England, literary activity moved rapidly and threw up developments with vitality and speed. The history of modern poetry, it has become clear, goes back to Baudelaire. Later, poetry in France developed along two lines. First, a continuing revolt against the milieu of industrialism and materialist pressures went on; second, various insurrections and revolts occurred within the art of poetry itself. These two lines frequently intersect, but it is possible to divide them off in a rough way. Many of the prejudices existing at present concerning the state of modern poetry arise from a confusion of these two lines of development, or from a tendency to confuse

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what went on in France with what went on in England.

Little innovation in English poetry appears after Keats. Tennyson obscured many issues by succumbing early to the demands of the English middle class upon the poet; he became a mouthpiece for the rather shoddy ideals and aspirations of his society. In France, Flaubert and Baudelaire, both born by ironic chance in 1821, the year of Keats's death, were never for a moment taken in by the situation in which they found themselves, or by the demands of a bourgeois public eager at once for "inspiration" and moral reassurance. The line from Baudelaire through the Symbolists to the finest poets writing in French and English today is well defined, when the picture is kept large and all but the most pertinent detail of a literary and historical kind eliminated.

Baudelaire came upon the French literary scene when the shift from those humane values which had operated in Europe since the Renaissance, and from strong held-over medieval values which ran beneath these, to the utilitarianism resulting from civil and religious changes, was more or less complete. The arts were no longer closely connected with the everyday life of simple people. Poetry, once rooted in the reality about it in song, ballad, adage, proverb, as well as in religious observance and civil ritual, had become detached from this ground, and had begun to exist almost exclusively on the printed page. Soon a new public was demanding secular reassurances, and, more particularly, secular excitements, to take the place of those which rationalism, the machine and the routine life of the citizen had abolished.

The early French Romantic poets took over the role of colorful rebel, and even of prophet, with enthusiasm. Flaubert and Baudelaire set their critical and formal correctives not so much against Romantic exuberance as against the social hypocrisies and the cheap demands for excitement and amusement from a public which, turning its eyes away from the ugly facts of an industrial and urban way of life, indulged in daydreams and fantasies of a degenerate and debilitating kind. Flaubert did great service by dissecting this situation in *Madame Bovary* and *L'Éducation Sentimentale*. Baudelaire in his great and moving poems first described a modern city in all its hideous detail and drew the attention of his reader not only to the squalor of his surroundings but to his spiritual poverty. In "Mon Coeur mis à Nu" he set down his conviction concerning the age in which he lived with the utmost succinctness: "La vraie civilization n'est pas dans le gaz, ni dans la vapeur, ni dans les tables tournantes. Elle est dans la dimunition du péché originel." And he felt, as Enid Starkie points out, "that there was something profoundly barren and unsatisfying on the spiritual plane in laying so much emphasis on the pursuit of happiness, on the inherent right of man to happiness, on the value of such happiness, could it even be obtained."

Technically Baudelaire's poetry was written in a form so classic that it often recalls the high seventeenth-century classicism of Racine and Corneille. His contribution to poetic expression lay in the realms of feeling and of tone, rather than that of form; he lowered with exquisite tact the classic pitch so that contemporary emotions and everyday surroundings might be described. While keeping his own emotions sincere and intense, he cooled and chided the heated rhetoric of Romanticism. It has only recently become evident how valuable his contribution to art and to life was; and he is rapidly assuming first rank in that new literary hagiography that has formed of recent years in the modern consciousness. ("Romanticism is spilt religion," wrote T. E. Hulme rather bitterly, in a wider connection, just before the 1914–1918 war. It is interesting, certainly, to watch the modern attempt to produce "saints" in a variety of fields.)

Rimbaud is the first crucial figure in whom the revolts against nineteenth-century moral and literary values manifest themselves. The revolt within the art itself begins and branches out from him, since, in his last work, *Une Saison en Enfer*, written in 1873 at the age of nineteen, he was the innovator of *vers libre*. Rimbaud, after flinging himself against his society in the most savage way, ended by totally repudiating and abandoning it for good. He pursued his revolutionary course, literary and moral, to logical ends:

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silence and flight. His poetry, long acknowledged as the poetry of a master, tied and twisted as it is to his shocking (according to all conventional standards) life, has taken on special authority; his work and his history have affected persons and movements widely divergent in character: Paul Claudel has claimed him for the Catholic tradition, and the Surrealists at one time named him an "ancestor." *Une Saison en Enfer* and the prose poems from *Les Illuminations* have recently been published in a new translation by Louise Varèse with a Rimbaud chronology based on the work of Enid Starkie appended to both books.

French literature from 1885 on, as Albert Thibaudet points out, began to split into "normal literature" and literature of the "avant-garde." "The Symbolist revolution," Thibaudet goes on to say, "the last up to the present, may turn out to be the absolute last, since it has incorporated the motif of chronic revolution into the normal state of literature." This avant-gardism — the line of revolt and change within the poetic art itself — has come to be known as the "experimental" line, and is the line which now seems to have played itself out in all languages. A certain amount of tension was kept in French experimentalism by the continued outcropping of form and meaning in major experimental poets. Mallarmé, up to "Un Coup de Dés," kept his form intact while endeavoring to make his content approach "the condition of music." Valéry, Mallarmé's disciple, insisted on form to an almost mathematical extent. The French Symbolists in general had no quarrel with form; they returned to it at the demands of their emotion. They hoped to loosen and extend form so that it could encompass any material they wished to deal with. And this they managed to do, with far-reaching results; for foreign writers as diversely impelled and gifted as Rilke, Yeats, Stefan George, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot profited from their experiments. It fell to the Dadaists and Surrealists to attack form finally and exhaustively. Because a ground swell of emotional intensity did not run beneath their experiments, these last soon were reduced to writing as a sort of play or game, and this play was never able to pull

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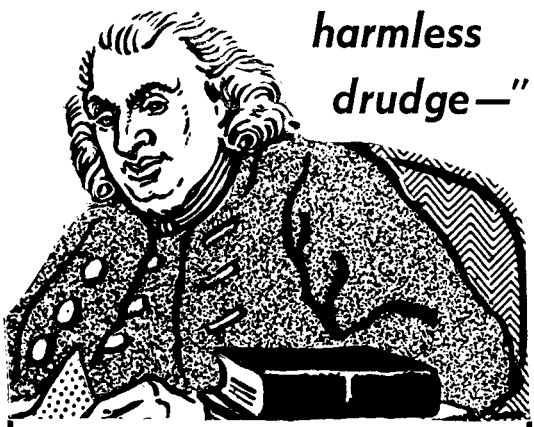
He called himself "a harmless drudge—"



By his own definition, Dr. Samuel Johnson styled himself "a harmless drudge." He, nevertheless, accomplished the prodigious task of writing the most famous early *English Dictionary* in which he defined a lexicographer as "a writer of dictionaries: a harmless drudge that buries himself in tracing the original and detailing the signification of words."

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itself above a certain school-boy level. The fact that many charlatans and *blagueurs*, as well as genuine poets, were experimentalists, has helped to obscure the worth and befog the direction of experimental poetry.

Before we try to estimate the worth of current experimental productions, we should examine the poetry of Guillaume Apollinaire (de Kostrowitski), born in 1880 in Rome of a Polish mother, educated in Monaco and in Nice, and after continental travel, for many years a resident of Paris, up to his death of a war wound in 1918. A selection from Apollinaire's poetry in the original French was recently published in England with a sympathetic and scholarly introduction in English by C. M. Bowra. Apollinaire was a true poetic innovator. His technical innovations have been widely imitated; the work of Louis Aragon, which made a falsely original impression during the War, is deeply indebted to him. Apollinaire brought in a new attitude of the poet toward his environment. He neither rebelled against nor repudiated it; he absorbed it. He worked in the atmosphere of his time, as a member of a group of writers and artists which included Picasso, Picabia, André Salmon, Max Jacob and André Derain; and he knew and admired Alfred Jarry, the author of the anti-bourgeois (and anti-human) play, *Ubu-Roi*.

Apollinaire invented the word "surrealist" to describe his play *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* produced in 1917. His two books of poems, *Alcools* (1913) and *Calligrammes* (1918), used all of the "avant-garde" tricks of the time alone with some new ones — the use of typographical design, for example, so that a poem about rain proceeds down the page in long vertical lines. He did hack research work in the Bibliothèque Nationale, thereby acquiring a sort of factitious erudition, which he used to enliven his writing.

He might easily have turned out a glib and mocking versifier of a third- or fourth-rate order; he was saved from this by the original purity and genuineness of his talent, by his real intelligence, of an imaginative, inquisitive kind, and by his temperament, which was both gay and charming. He was not afraid to express the more tender sort of emotion; his love poems are delightful. His chief

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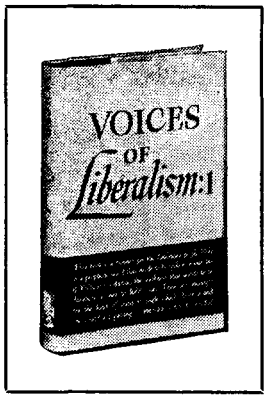

* *Good memory? It's the same head we used in this column three months ago, when we announced* THE FAITH OF AN UNREPENTANT LIBERAL ($1.50), *by A. Powell Davies (recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club) and* BEYOND DOUBT ($2), *by Kenneth L. Patton. The "New York Times" observed: "Mr. Patton sees things clearly."*

contribution, we are beginning to realize, was his real affection for the peculiar world which surrounded him. He broke through the stiff reserve of the modern poet in relation to his world, and showed the manner by which the poet can work with the facts of his surroundings without recourse to that face-saving irony which we find even in the sensitive Laforgue and the early Eliot. This breakthrough has just begun to influence modern poetry; through a study of Apollinaire's methods and attitudes poetry in the future will learn more ease and be able to enlarge its power and its function. Apollinaire's sense of the pathos of life, and of the singular juxtapositions of spirit and reality is always deep and striking:

> Je connais gens de toutes sortes
> Ils n'égalent pas leurs destins
> Indécis comme feuilles mortes
> Leurs yeux sont feux mals éteints
> Leurs coeurs bougent comme leurs portes

Apollinaire marks a point where pure experimentation intersects the humane poetic line of all times and all countries. To ignore its direction into further richness, and its possibilities of extension and deepening in general, is to be left on the comparatively sterile path of verbalism-as-such. This lesser path has been chosen by the surrealists; its sterility is becoming more evident as time goes on. The work of André Breton, for many years the "leader" of the surrealist movement, exemplifies surrealism's present dilemma. Originally founded on a serious endeavor to plumb the depths of the subconscious and to enrich the conscious thereby, surrealism early hardened into a formula backed up by a set of rules of the harshest kind. These rules produced, however, only artificial and adolescent results. Surrealists imitated the writing of the insane, indulged in automatic writing and hypnotism, and finally took to the dull chances of parlor paper games. Breton has a rhetorical gift. Beyond this verbal power, which often becomes incantatory in the manner of church ritual, his work is singularly empty. *Jeunes Cerisiers Garantis contre les Lièvres* ("Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares") contains poems written from 1923 through 1944. It is remarkable that some spiritual or in-

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tellectual element could not make itself felt over such a period of time; but, as it turns out, the last poems are exactly like the first.

A certain patriotism, at least, has been inserted into the work of Paul Éluard, a poet who once was closely associated with Breton. James Laughlin, in *New Directions: No. 9* — the "annual exhibition gallery of new and divergent literary trends" that he has published for ten years — presents a selection from Éluard's later work. Éluard is distinctly gifted, in a small and delicate lyric way, but his endowment, in spite of his sincere enthusiasms, is far too frail to carry the weight of authority which has been assigned to him. It is interesting and unexpected, by the way, to read James Laughlin's remark in his introduction to this newest yearly collection, that "the experimental vein of the prewar years may well be exhausted."

At this particular moment, when "the revolution of the word" seems to have outlived its reason for being, we can look back upon the work of the American woman who helped to clear the air of Victorian stylistic excesses. Gertrude Stein detached words from hampering connotative accretions. Her *Selected Writings*, edited with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten, appeared shortly after Miss Stein's recent death. This volume gathers together for the first time the early and late writings, in prose and "free verse," of a woman who was a true literary pioneer. Gertrude Stein worked with lapidarian care with the color, weight and density of words. Polishing them free of sentiment's film and the dust of "literature" alike, she arranged them in abstract patterns. Her methods in detaching language from meaning combined wit and shrewdness. The "free verse" of "Tender Buttons" (1914) and of her plays can be read with pleasure derived from her ingenuity and her hardness of outline. In spite of many indications to the contrary — a sort of enlargement and petrification of the ego becomes occasionally unpleasantly apparent in her work — she was never silly or inhuman, and the value of her influence upon modern prose as well as upon modern poetry is incontestable.

Wallace Stevens is another American ex-

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perimentalist. His poetic talent is rich and varied, although marked by a tendency toward affectation. Of late years he has washed into the liquidity of his poems — poems always musical, and often freshly so — certain tenuous philosophical ideas. His latest book, *Esthétique du Mal*, finely printed and decorated with abstract designs, presents the later Stevens appropriately: as an end-product of the sort of late nineteenth-century aestheticism which tried to apprehend the spiritual through the sensory. And, before we leave the subject of literary experiment, we should mention the work of Dylan Thomas, into whose Welsh eloquence many degrees of depth and meaning are read by his admirers. Beginning with a surrealist technique, Thomas in his later work has become more lyrical, and he has enough dramatic sense to keep his work from flowing over completely into the state which Yvor Winters has described as "chaotic revery." It is extraordinary how much force fine rhetoric still can exert. Clearly Dylan Thomas' chief effects as they appear in his recently collected *Selected Writings* are spell-binding ones; his work again attests the weaknesses of modern writing which does not possess some intellectual or moral framework.

Some framework, either intellectual or moral, is present in the poetry produced during vigorous periods of history. Continued revolts within any medium are not enough. We have seen the various means by which poets since the early nineteenth century have endeavored to deal with their milieu. The "world" was attacked and then abandoned by Rimbaud, absorbed by Apollinaire, but it was to some extent transcended by Baudelaire. To transcend the environment by relating material facts to a larger spiritual scheme has been the task of those Symbolist and post-Symbolist poets who recognized in Baudelaire a tragic example of both spiritual triumph and spiritual defeat. It was to Baudelaire that Rilke turned during his despairing days in Paris, as he relates in "Malte Laurids Brigge" — Rilke who later in his great "Tenth Elegy" was to give us the picture of a symbolic "angel" in the modern market place:

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O, wie spurlos zeträte ein Engel ihnen den Trostmarkt,
den die Kirche begrenzt, ihre fertig gekaufte:
reinlich und zu und enttäuscht wie ein Postamt am Sonntag. . . .

And it is Baudelaire, among others, who is invoked by Eliot at the end of *The Waste Land*. Baudelaire clung to the sense of Otherness: of some Reality which the teachings of scientific positivism cannot explain. For him, the philosophic substitution of the goodness of man for the goodness of God, was never valid or binding.

The possible transcendence of the evils of the modern world and of the eternal evil in the heart of man, through grace and suffering, is the theme which informs the two major poetic works of the last few years. T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, since it appeared in an American edition in 1943, cannot be dealt with here. Its light falls so strongly upon the period, however, that it must at least be mentioned. Eliot, long a convert to the Anglican Church, in these four complicated and moving poems exposes his personal religious emotion more completely than (remembering his earlier objectivity) one would think possible. Peace and grace are to be reached "not in movement":

But in abstention from movement, while the world moves
In appetency, on its metalled ways
Of time past and time future . . .

and the poems rise to a climax of joy at their end. A like joy shows in W. H. Auden's *Collected Poems*. Auden writes a prayer for the voice of Man:

. . . O teach us to outgrow our madness.
Ruffle the perfect manners of the frozen heart,
And once again compel it to be awkward and alive.
To all it suffered once a weeping witness.

Clear from the head the masses of impressive rubbish;
Rally the lost and trembling forces of the will,
Gather them up and let them loose upon the earth

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Till, as the contribution of our star, we follow
The clear instructions of that Justice, in the shadow
Of Whose uplifting, loving and constraining power
All human reasons do rejoice and operate.

The work of a young American, Robert Lowell, in his second volume, *Lord Weary's Castle*, exposes the full force of the collision between a long heritage of New England Calvinism and the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. Lowell's poetry, of a high technical excellence, is filled with an extreme hatred for the hypocrisies of our time. A convert to Catholicism, Lowell has not yet come into the serenity evident in Auden and Eliot; his struggle is still in process, and his expression of this struggle is violent to the point of brutality. The urgency in Lowell's work is moral earnestness operating in intense conscious activity. This earnestness was unheard of some years ago; it is extraordinary to find it at present in so pure a form. Romanticism's "spilt religion" is being channeled back into religion itself. Man, as his own judge and arbiter, has found the burden too pressing and the anxiety derived from his dependence upon his individual conscience too great to be borne. While contemporary prose writers are still involved in the depiction of anarchy, resultant on despair, poets have found a way through. Whether it will become the way for the ordinary man remains to be seen. That it is no longer enough for man to be free has been clinically proved. To live as a sane being, in Stephen Spender's touchingly simple words, man must learn to be good, as well.

Another AMERICAN SCHOLAR PORTRAIT will appear in the Summer number. The subject of the third of this series of informal portraits of great scholars will be Albert Einstein. L. Infeld, of the University of Toronto, is writing the sketch.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

A Few Disadvantages

To the Editor: Mr. Shapley proposed in his article, "The Scientist Outside the Laboratory," (15: 411–415, 1946) that man "invent inexpensive methods for the transformation into effective fuel and palatable foods of the now worthless brush and scrub timber which covers much of New England and other wilderness regions" to solve one of the major problems of botanical waste.

While this is probably a fine field for research and already some progress has been reported in the use of scrub timber for pulp, I think our attention should also be focused on some of the probable effects of utilizing the remnants of our once fine New England forests.

Stripping the steep New England hillsides of what little cover they have left would certainly:

1. Greatly accelerate soil erosion, floods and stream pollution, and add to the burden of municipalities by filling up their reservoirs.
2. Eliminate the already scanty food and cover for some of the best game animals as well as many of the non-game species. Deer and grouse particularly need scrub timber.
3. Drastically reduce the scenic values of much of our woodland and roadside areas.

There are numerous other disadvantages to such a proposal, but these should suffice to show that such use of our resources must be weighed on the scales of "total good for greatest number." We should try to avoid the spectacle just ended of draining much of our watered areas for agriculture, mosquito control, etc., and now, because of reduced water tables and wild life populations, having to appropriate money to rehabilitate these same areas.

RICHARD L. WEAVER,
Secretary, American Nature Study Society
Greenwich, Connecticut

Dangers of Misinterpretation

To the Editor: Dr. Shapley's provocative article, "The Scientist Outside the Laboratory," in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, contains much of value. He makes one statement, however, which carries implications upon which comment is appropriate. He remarks that "man should invent inexpensive methods for the transformation into effective fuel and palatable foods of the now worthless brush and scrub timber, which covers much of New England and other wilderness areas."

The author doubtless was thinking of the cut-over and abandoned farmlands, now idle and unproductive. His words imply, however, that wilderness areas, including the true forests of New England, are contributing to botanical waste, and that they should be exploited for economic gain. These forests are now serving invaluably to produce timber and wild life habitat, as well as providing inspirational and recreational facilities urgently needed by the people of our industrial Eastern states. They are now managed under sound and careful policies that are planned to insure that they will be perpetuated and maintained in their present state so far as possible.

The broader implication that other wilderness areas elsewhere are an example of waste is a negation of the principles for which conservationists all over the country are fighting. A true primeval wilderness, of which we have so few examples remaining, has greater spiritual and economic values in its untouched natural state than could possibly be derived from its commercial exploitation. The Taj Mahal provides little financial return, but it would be a loss to everyone, should it be destroyed. In the same way, every wilderness area is a valuable resource as it is, whether or not numbers of people visit it. The importance of preserving wilderness as part of our program of watershed protection, as habitat for forest wild life, to prevent floods and erosion, and for many other reasons, makes it imperative that every effort be made to maintain the integrity of these regions.

Dr. Shapley's standing is such that every word he writes is considered seriously by his readers, and since his readers are leaders of world thought, an over-extension of his concepts may result disadvantageously. I am sure that he agrees that our forests and wildernesses cannot be considered as wastelands, and that he did not intend to make such an implication in his article.

FRED M. PACKARD
Executive Assistant, National Parks Association
Washington, D. C.

Reply to a Rebuttal

To the Editor: Some months have passed since the publication of Dr. Ephraim Frisch's article on "The Book and the People of the Book," with the subsequent appearance of letters taking exception to Dr. Frisch's position that Christian teaching is a major cause of anti-Semitism. The

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issues persist, and the techniques of dealing with these issues are current problems.

Very evidently inter-group harmony is needed today: in sober fact there is an unhealthy spirit of mutual recrimination, while intelligent people of good will are gravely concerned to find the means of promoting better understanding. One characteristic of intelligence is that the possessor of it knows what he wants and how to get it.

Now is the moment for the constructive thinkers to make themselves felt. The formulation of a common platform will recognize equally the grounds of agreement and the grounds upon which no agreement is possible. A major stumbling block in the Jewish approach to Christianity, as I see it, and notably in Dr. Frisch's approach, is a resentment and a protest against Christianity *per se*.

Dr. Frisch and his school indict the Founders of Christianity and the nineteen centuries of its history, asking an "all-out" purge of the institution. Such a suggestion stems exactly from the failure to recognize the basic difference between the two religions, and as long as these differences are not clearly marked off with the warning, "no trespassing here," we shall get exactly nowhere.

The earnest worker for cooperation between the Jew and the Christian must exert himself to understand the basic beliefs of the Jew and the Christian, and will respect them. The cardinal fact of Christianity is that Jesus Christ is the Messiah. The Jew does not subscribe to this belief. Constantly the Jewish apologist runs head-on into this major difference, apparently intent upon eliminating it.

Writes Dr. Frisch, on the cardinal fact of Christianity: "Jesus . . . found his inspiration in Judaism and never left it," — thus dogmatically divorcing Christ from the founders of Christianity.

I do not question Dr. Frisch's right to assert his position as a Jew, any more than I question the right of the Christian to state his position. The missionary appeal is the function of any living faith. But there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. An intelligent appeal for social cooperation emphasizes the likenesses between faiths, does not jettison the program by inciting to difference.

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